IRISH BULLS

Presented by

Mr. and Mrs. James D. Nisbet

ETHEL K. SMITH
LIBRARY

WINGATE COLLEGE
WINGATE, NORTH CAROLINA

Good Jokes are pag

IRISH BULLS AND PUNS

500 GEMS
OF
Modern Irish Wit and Humor

Comprising original and selected
Witticisms, Droll Sayings and
Laughable Anecdotes

Compiled and arranged
by

H. P. KELLY

CAREY-STAFFORD COMPANY
NEW YORK
63 5th Avenue
NEW ORLEANS
319 Carondelet Street

Wingate College Library

103325

COPYRIGHT 1906
By CAREY-STAFFORD CO.

Irish Bulls and Puns.

Mike—"I saw a man fall from a roof on a wagon load of soda water yesterday."

Pat—"Killed, I suppose?"

Mike—"No; he landed on soft stuff."

A young Irishman led a blushing female into the presence of the genial Father Carpenter:

"We want to get married," he said; "are you Father Carpenter?"

"Yes," replied the genial minister, "Carpenter and joiner."

An Irishman, upon being asked "What is an Irish bull, anyway?" replied:

"Well, it's like this: Supposing there were thirteen cows lying down in a field and one of them was standing up; that would be a bull."

The Parson—"I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you."

O'Grady—"Mebbe yer Riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till oi get well, an' then pray fer Casey."

"Faith, Mrs. O'Hara, how d' ye till thim twins apart?"

"Aw, 'tis aisy. I sticks me finger in Dinnis' mouth, an' if ee bites I know it's Moike."

For Sale—Eleven elephants, male and female, priced low to effect speedy sale. Full particulars from Pat Doyle, 11 Brooking street, Ragoon. Note—Four of the above have been sold.

Minister (writing a certificate at a christening, and trying to recall the date)—"Let me see, this is the thirtieth?"

Indignant Mother—"Indate, an' it's only the elivinth."

Mike—"The trouble with Casey is he has no backbone."

Pat—"Faith, he has backbone enough if he'd only bring it to the front."

An Irishman was brought to task by his employer—for being absent from his work one day—and his excuse was "that he wint to a funeral." His employer asked him who was dead and he replied, "Divil a know I know—who it was. I jist wint for the ride."

"Pat," said one Catholic friend to another, "how would you like to be buried in a Protestant graveyard?" "Faith an' I'd die first!"

Tommy Atkins—Aw! go'n, Mike, yer a lobster!

Mike—Ye flatter me. Sure, a lobster's a wise animal, for green is the color fur him as long as he lives, an' he'll die before he puts on a red coat.

"Dennis, I'm told ye was the best man at Mike's marriage." "The same is a lie," answered Dennis, "but I was as good as anny man was there."

"Did you have any trouble with black ants in Ireland, Bridget?"

"No, ma'am, but I had some trouble onc't with a white uncle."

Pat—"De yez belave in ghosts, Moike?"

Mike—"Oi do. Oi don't think thur's a ghost of a chance av me iver becomin' Prisidint av Amerikey."

"I presume, Mrs. Murphy, you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Indeed I do, sir; it's a lock of my Dan's hair."

"But your husband is still alive."

"Yes, sir, but his hair is all gone."

Teacher—Who was the best friend Ireland ever had?

Irish Scholar—Oi don't jist now remember, but he discovered Ameriky.

"Who lives in that big house on the corner, Dennis?"

"The widdy O'Malley, sor, who is dead."

"Indeed! When did she die?"

"If she had lived till next Sunday she would have been dead a year."

Jim—"Why do you wear your stockings wrong side outward?"

Pat—"Because there's a hole on the other side."

"Yes, sir, that man can tell, by feeling the bumps on your head, what kind of a man you are."

"Can he? Begorra, I should think it would give him more of an oidea phwat koind of a woman me woife is!"

"Your money or your life!" growled the footpad.

"Take me life," responded the Irishman. "I'm savin' me money for me old age."

"Speaking of dogs," said Smith, who had quietly seated himself in the group, "here is a story of an actual occurrence.

"It happened one day that a street car was overcrowded. An Irishman stood on the rear platform, and, looking in, saw an over-dressed man accompanied by a toy dog, the dog occupying a seat.

"Turning to the conductor, the Irishman remarked in very rich brogue: 'What koind of roights has that dawg to a man's sate, and Oi hev paid foive cents en' stand?' Stepping into the car, the conductor abruptly requested the removal of the dog, and the Irishman took the seat, remarking to the owner: 'That's a foine dawg ye have.' No response.

"He made the second attempt to mol-

lify the ruffled feelings of the dog man by saying: 'Phwat koind of a brade of dawg is that?'

"'It's a cross between an Irishman and an ape.'

"'Oh, is thot sae?' came the quick rejoinder. 'Sure, then, it's related to both av us.'"—*A. J B.*

Mike O'Rafferty, pulling his wife out of the well—"Begorra! a woman's at the bottom av iverything."

"Now, Mickey," said the teacher, "tell me what you know of Nelson, the great fighting sailor."

"You're mixed, mum," promptly responded Mickey. "Sharkey is de fightin' sailor. Nelson wuz formerly a blacksmit'."

"You voted in the negative," says the clerk of the Board of Aldermen. "Beg your pardon," says the alderman, "I voted 'No'!"

"Halloa, Pat; I hear your dog is dead."

"It is."

"Was it a lap dog?"

"Yes, it would lap anything."

"What did it die of?"

"It died of a Tuesday."

"I mean how did it die?"

"It died on its back."

"I mean how did the dog meet its death?"

"It didn't meet its death, its death overtook it."

"I want to know what was the complaint."

"No complaint. Everyone for miles round seemed to be satisfied."

"I wish to know how did it occur."

"The dog was no cur, he was a thoroughbred animal."

"Tell me what disease did the dog die of."

"He went to fight a circular saw."

"What was the result?"

"The dog only lasted one round."—*Edwin Carey.*

An Irish attorney, not proverbial for his probity, was robbed one night in going from Wicklow to Dublin. His father, next day, meeting Baron O'Grady, said, "My lord, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No," replied the baron; "whom did he rob?"

"I can tell you," said Pat, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked Mike.

"Two pints."

"Good morning, Mr. Cassidy," said the undertaker's humorous friend, "I suppose business is dead with you?"

"Faith, it is so," replied Cassidy, with great seriousness. "I haven't buried a livin' soul for nearly a month."

Pat—If it takes seven days to make one week, how many days will it take to make one strong?

Down at our house we had a servant that beat all girls for intelligence. One day my wife went out to go calling and left Mary in charge of the house.

When she returned she asked Mary if any one had called for her.

She said, "Yes, mum, the baby called for you several times while you were gone."

This girl left us, and my wife met her several months later, and she said, "Mary, what are you doing now?"

"In sure, mum, I'm workin' for notting. I'm married."

Mr. Mulhooly—"Phwat fur are yez makin' such a noise on thot pianny? Y'r drivin' me distracted wid y'r racket, an' me head achin' loik it wud split in two places!"

Daughter—"Those new neighbors have been complaining of my playing."

Mr. Mulhooly—"Begorra, thin, hammer harder!"

An Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast.

"Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board what's left behind."

"What is it," asked Casey, "that goes with the train, stop when it stops, that's no use to it, and yet it can't go ten yards without it?"

Casey—"I give it up."

Brady—"The noise, ye blockhead."

McFadden: "Faith, and why do yez charge me twenty-five cents fer a hair cut when your sign sez, 'First-class hair cut for fifteen cents?'"

French Barber: "Ah, but, monsieur, your hair eez not first-class."

Wingate College Library

Two Irishmen who had just landed in this country had taken rooms in one of the downtown hotels in New York. In the middle of the night they were awakened by a great noise in the street. One of the Irishmen got up and looked out of the window. Two fire engines tore along, belching smoke and fire and leaving a trail of sparks.

"Phwat is ut?" asked the chap who remained in bed.

"They're movin' hell," said the man at the window, "and two loads have just gone by."

"Did you ever notice the difference between a German picnic and an Irish picnic? The Germans meet at the hall and march right out to the picnic. Do the Irish do that? Not on your life. They've got to march around town about three hours. Every man in the procession wants to pass his own house."—*J. W. Kelly.*

Patsy—"Mom, won't yer gimme me candy now?"

Mrs. Casey—"Didn' oi tell ye oi wouldn' give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?"

Patsy—"Yes'm, but——"

Mrs. Casey—"Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it."

Wealthy Citizen—But I said distinctly in my advertisement that I wanted "a reliable colored coachman," and you are a red-faced Irishman.

Applicant—But shure, sor, isn't red as reliable a color as black?

Visitor—No, I won't come in. Could I see Mr. Jones for two minutes?

Pat—What name shall I say, sor?

Visitor—Mr. Vandersplinkentootleheimer.

Pat—Och! sure, ye'd better step in an' bring it wid ye.

An Irish sergeant in a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed rifles to all the men, called out: "All of ye that are without arms hold up your hands!"

An Irishman took a contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top.

Pat looked cautiously round and saw that no one was near; then took off his hat and coat and hung them on the windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time, the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass, they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation.

Only a few hours of brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the eager citizens had reached the bottom, and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of

the bushes, and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job.

Some of the tired diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow of anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.—*John F. Doyle*

Cassidy—"Brace up, man! Troth, ye luk as if ye didn't hov a frind in th' whole wur'rld."

Hogan—"Oi hovn't."

Cassidy—"G'wan. If it ain't money ye want t' borry Oi'm as good a frind as iver ye had."

Mistress—Oh, Bridget, Bridget! What an awful numbskull you are! You've put the potatoes on the table with the skins on, right in front of our visitors, too. You—you—what shall I call you?

Bridget (affably)—Call me "Agnes," if you loike, mum; 'tis me other name.—New York World.

An Irishman and a clergyman were traveling together in a railroad car one day when the son of Erin, to the consternation of his companion, produced a flask of Irish whisky and proceeded to quench his thirst.

"My good man," ventured the clergyman, "are you aware that drink is your worst enemy?"

"An' faith I am, sorr," replied Pat, with a smile.

"Then why do you take it?" appealingly inquired the astonished parson.

"Shure, because the Boible tills me to love my inemies," was the reply.—*P. F. O'Reilly.*

Police Magistrate—With what instrument or article did your wife inflict these wounds on your face and head?

Michael—Wid a motty, Yer Anner.

A—what?"

A motty—wan o' these frames wid "Happy Be Our Home" in it."

An Irishman being asked what he came to America for, replied, "Arrah! be the powers! you may be sure it was not for *want,* for I had plenty of that at home!"

Reassuring Irish surgeon, to patient whose legs he has just amputated: "And now, my good fellow, cheer up. Keep a stiff upper lip and remain calm, and in six weeks, I pledge you my word, I'll have you on your feet again."

His Honor—"What made you steal this gentleman's door mat?"

Pat—"Shure, yer honor, isn't 'Welcome' on it in letters as long as yer a-r-rm?"

"And how's yer wife, Pat?"

"Sure, she do be awful sick."

"Is ut dangerous she is?"

"No, she's too weak t' be dangerous anny more!"

About twenty-five thousand people tried to be present at the Knights of Columbus ball in Madison Square Garden last week. There not being room for all, some of the less favored were denied admission at the door.

One Irishman, who unfortunately must be nameless here, asked Capt. Michael Sheehan to let him in. Capt. Sheehan said he couldn't do so, as there were no seats left.

"But who are you who denies me admission?" insisted the Irishman. "Are you Saint Peter that you can shut me out?"

His wit secured him admission.

Some one threw a head of cabbage at an Irish orator while he was making a speech once. He paused a second, and said: "Gentlemen, I only ask for your ears, I don't care for your heads!" He was not bothered any more during the remainder of his speech.

Brady—"Did ye hear about poor Flannery?"

O'Grady—"Sorra the word."

Brady—"Shure, the big stame hammer in the foundry dropped on his chist an' killed him."

O'Grady—'Well, Oi'm not surprised, for he always had a wake chist."

Mrs. McFudd: "Och, Pat! and phat are yez doing in that tub of water?"

Mr. McFudd—"Faith and didn't the doctor say Oi should take a shpoonful in wather t'ree times a day? Oi know me business."

Mooney—"Do you drink, Tooley?"

Tooley—"Faith, and I do."

Mooney—"Well, here's a clove."

"Irish stew," said the restaurant guest.

"Faith, I am Irish, tew," said the waiter.

"My friend Casey, had a friend named Sullivan, who was very sick, and as there was no one else available Casey told the physician that he would sit up with him. Well, the doctor told Casey to administer a powder at 1 o'clock and to give him just what he could get on a dime and no more. He took a dime from his pocket and showed Casey the necessary portion and cautioned him against giving an overdose. Casey said he understood and the doctor left—of course without leaving the dime. The next morning when he called he found the man dead. He said to Casey, 'did you give him the dose I prescribed?' Casey said, 'of course I did. I didn't have a dime so I put it on two nickels.'"—*John F. McCormick.*

An Irishman, quarreling with an Englishman, told him if he didn't hold his tongue he would break his impenetrable head, and let the brains out of his empty skull.

O'Brien—An' poor Flanagan got sixteen years in Sing Sing.

Murphy—For phwhat?

O'Brien—For hommycide, I belave.

Murphy—Oh, shure that's nothing; I thought it might be for killin' somebody.

Miss Brady—"I saw a man in a window making faces to-day."

Mr. Murphy—"What was he doing that for?"

Miss Brady—"For a couple of clocks; he's a jeweler."

Cholly (to Irishman ringing fog bell)—"Aw, my man, why is this bell ringing?"

Irishman—"Can't you see, you phool? It's because Oi'm pullin' the r-r-rope.

Mistress—Bridget, have you ever made lobster à la Newburgh?

Bridget—No, mum; I niver worruked further up th' Hoodson than Nyack.

Casey and Murphy were putting up rows of houses on different sides of a down-town street. One afternoon Murphy discovered he was short of bricks, and that the men would have to knock off work for the rest of the day unless a fresh supply could be obtained. Now, Casey, on the other side of the street, was well supplied with bricks, and his men were working like beavers. So Murphy went over to Casey and said: "Dan, Oi've run out o' bricks. Lind me th' loan av about foive hun'red and Oi'll give thim back to ye to-morrer." But Casey was in a bad humor, and he wouldn't lend a single brick. "Oi'll git aven wid yer fur that, Dan Casey," said Murphy, and he went back to his men. "Min," said he, "we're short o' bricks. Now Casey's min are wurkin' stiddy, but if we don't git some av his bricks we'll have ter knock off. So do yez all sthay here, while Oi go up above in this buildin', an' when Oi yell three questions to yez, do yez all answer 'Yis,' d'ye see?" "All

roight, boss," said the men. So Murphy went up in the unfinished house, and yelled: "Are yez all down there, min?" "Yis," replied the men. "Are yez all wurkin'?" "Yis." "Do yez all belong to the A. P. A.?" "Yis." And in two minutes the 500 bricks came over.—*John F. Fow.*

Mary Ann—"I've come to tell you, mum, that th' gasoline stove has gone out."

Mistress—"Well, light it again."

"I can't. Sure, it went out through th' roof."

Mistress—Mary, how was it I saw you treating your friends to my cake and fruit?

Mary—I can't tell, ma'am, for the loife of me, for sure I covered the keyhole.

"What is memory, Pat?"

"Sure, it's something a man forgets with when he owes you money."

Socialist—Don't you want to join the Socialists? We need a few more tried men in our ranks.

Patrick—I belave not, for I've noticed that most of the tried men are in jail, begorra.

"Murphy had been employed on the docks as watchman by the city for thirty-five years. His son had grown up in that time and married and made him a grandfather, and held down a position in the city hall also. Finally the son came home one night and told the old man that the Superintendent of Docks had decided to get a new watchman.

" 'Phat's that? Get a new watchman, is it?'

" 'That's it, old man.'

" 'An' he's goin' to foire me, is it?'

" 'You're due for the chopping block, Pop.'

" 'An' when am I t' get me discharge?'

" 'Next month.'

"The old man didn't say anything

more, but he looked very blue, and finally the old lady asked him what the matter was.

"'They're after dischargin' me down at th' docks. Sure I told ye' th' furrst day I wint t' worruk there I didn't think 'twud be a steaddy job, an' I wor right.'"
—*A. J. Brown.*

"Why do we call a handcuff a bracelet?" asked the commissioner of an Irish recruit at a recent police examination.

"Faith, bekase it is intinded for arrist," replied the applicant; and he got the position at once.

Grady (after Riley has fallen five stories)—Are yez dead, Pat?

Riley—Oi am.

Grady—Shure, yer such a liar Oi don't know whither to believe yez or not.

Riley—Shure, thot proves Oi'm dead. Ye wudn't dare call me a liar if Oi wur aloive!

An Irishman, just landed, seeing an electric motor car running for the first time, exclaimed: "Well, well, Ould Nick must be pullin' it wid a string."

Pat O'Brien gave a dinner, to which he invited three or four of his neighbors. Pat had allowed his wife to cook only one chicken. When dinner was served, Pat took possession of the carving knife, and, in a hospitable tone, said to Mrs. Dugan: "What part of the fowl will you have?"

"A leg, if you please," was the answer.

"An' what part will yez have? Would yez loike some of the white?" Pat inquired of Mrs. O'Hooligan.

"An' a leg will do me," she answered. As each answered the part of the fowl she desired was given her.

"What part will yez have, Moike Walsh?" Pat blandly inquired of his neighbor.

"Oi belave Oi will take a leg, too," said Mike, in his most modest way, wishing to

follow in the footsteps of the rest of the company.

"Begorra," said Pat to Mickey, "what does yez thing Oi'm carving—a spider?"

"What I like about the Irish is that they are so modest and unassuming."

"Holy smoke!"

"Fact. When an Irishman does anything great he does not go bragging of his ability as another man would. He merely brags about Ireland."

A bull is sometimes produced by the false use of a word, as in the case of an Irish watchman giving evidence at a police office:

"What is this man's offense?"

"He was disorderly, your worship, in the strates, last night."

"And did you give him warning before you took him into custody?"

"I did, your honor. I said to him, 'Disparse!'"

"They say it's electricity," said Pat, as he stopped before the incandescent street lamp; "but I'll be hanged if I can see how it is they make the hair pin burn in the bottle."

Magistrate O'Brien is an Irishman, and intensely proud of his lineage. It is one point upon which it is not safe to chaff him. Recently a number of boys who had been arrested for some petty offense were taken before His Honor. Among them was one whose speech and general appearance stamped him as Italian. Somebody had told the boy to give an Irish name and tell His Honor he was Irish.

The Magistrate questioned the boys until he came to the young Italian.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Mickey da Casey," replied the youngster, amid a roar of laughter. "I'm Irish."

"Oh, it's Irish you are, are you?" smilingly replied His Honor. "Well, so

am I, and I'll just fine you $10 for insulting an honorable race."

Pat—"I came near selling my boots yesterday." "You did, sir! Well, it's lucky you didn't sell 'em. How did you come near doing it?" "I had 'em half-soled."

Outraged Irishman—"Gintlemin, I w'u'd loike to ashk thim Amerikins wan thing: Who doog the canals ov the coontry but furriners? Who built the railruds ov the coontry but furriners? Who worruks the mines ov the coontry but furriners? Who does the votin' fur the coontry but furriners? And who the divil discoovered the coontry but furriners?"

An Irish doctor advertises that the deaf may hear of him at a house in Liffey street, where his blind patients may see him from ten till three.

Mrs. O'Flaherty—An' fwhat sames to be the matter wid the Colonel, Mrs. O'Raherty? I did hear him gruntin' siveral toimes durin' the day.

Mrs. O'Raherty—Indade, Mrs. O'Flaherty, it's very sick the Colonel is. He did fall in wid very bad company yiste'day. As he was comin' home he did stop in a saloon beyant, an' wan of the fellies he says to the Colonel, says he:

"'You understand some German, I belave?' 'Troth, an' it's a big fool I would be,' says the Colonel, 'if I wouldn't understand some Ditch after being playing pinochle wid 'em fur over twinty years.'

"'Then,' said the felly, 'fwhat's the English av "Fwas wollen sie haben?'"

"'Fwhat will ye have?' said the Colonel.

"An' then ivery man in the house did yell 'Beer!' An' av coorse the Colonel did have to set thim up to the whole house; an' so on did they kape catchin' ivery wan that did come in wid their 'Fwas wollen sie haben?' until the whole

town samed to be droonk; an' a sicker mon there niver was than the Colonel was all last noight an' the whole av the day. It's a great shame it is to be ropin' in innocint men wid sich Ditch as that."—*Geo. W. Day.*

Casey bet on a horse which finished last. He went down to the paddock, called out the jockey who had ridden him and said: "In hivin's name, young man, phwat delayed you?"

An Irish post-boy having driven a gentleman a long distance during torrents of rain, was asked if he was not very wet.

"Arrah, I wouldn't care about being so very wet, if I wasn't so very dry, your honor."

"Did the fisherman have frog's legs, Bridget?"

"Sure I couldn't see, mum; he had his pants on."

"Have you a very quiet horse? McSorley. It must be like a lamb, neither kick nor shy and not go too fast."

"Certainly, McCasey; which'll you have, a clothes-horse or a rocking-horse?"

Ladies and gintlemin, I want to teil ye one thing which cannot be refuted by any of the great geographers on the face of this earth—and that is the Irish people are the best in the wide world—but I don't want to say anything disparaging of the Girmins, they are also very fine people and if it was not for min like Anheuser Busch, Geo. Ehret and Mr. Pabst we Irish could go dry—nevertheless they can't come up to the Irish at all at all—but I will admit there is one day in the year that the Girmins are ahead of the Irish and that's St. Patrick's day, when they lead in the band—and again go to a Girman picnic and you will observe if one man gets excited and calls another a liar, the friends of the two get around, some

one orders beer and the two men shake hands and join in a song. At an Irish picnic if one man calls another a liar, that's your cue to climb a tree. There's no glass of beer ever goin' to square that."—*J. W. Kelly.*

"There's a great art," says Mickey Dolan, "in knowing what not to know whin yez don't want to know it."

Pat—Who is being lowered into a well; "Sthop, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up again."

Murphy—Still letting him down, "Phat for?"

Pat—"Oi'll show ye. Af ye don't sthop lettin' me doon, Oi'll cut the rope."

"I hear, McGinty, that yez broke yer leg." "Then yez heard wrong, Lafferty. Yez must think I'm a fool. It was broke by accident. What would I want to break me own leg fur?"

Once there was a millionaire named O'Reilly, who had a servant girl working for him also named O'Reilly.

O'Reilly disliked fortune hunters, so when one came to town—a duke from England—O'Reilly immediately invited the penniless man to his home.

"Pleased to meet you, duke," said O'Reilly. "Let me introduce you to Miss O'Reilly."

The duke, and Miss O'Reilly, who was dressed for the occasion, got along famously, Miss O'Reilly doing most of the listening. Before two hours had passed the duke came out of the parlor, and said to Mr. O'Reilly:

"Margaret and I love each other devotedly. Will you give me her hand in marriage?"

"Certainly, duke," answered Mr. O'Reilly, gazing up at his cigar smoke. "Margaret has always longed for a title. Can I send for a clergyman and have the ceremony performed now?"

The duke was delighted with this, of

course, and answered heartily in the affirmative.

So they were married and the drinks were on the duke.—*T. F. Casey.*

An Irishman was planting shade trees when a passing lady said:

"You're digging out the holes, are you, Mr. Haggerty?"

"No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes."

Irish Foreman, to gang of men in a sewer: "How many men is down in that hole?"

Voice from the sewer: "Three, sorr."

Irish Foreman: "Then lave half of yez cum up."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gallagher; "it was funny enough to make a donkey laugh. I laughed till I cried." And then, as he saw a smile go round the room, he grew red in the face and went away mad.

Casey feeling elated over the great Democratic victory, on entering a saloon, says to the bartender:

Mike, show me a Republican, an' I'll show you a "bum."

A gentleman standing at the end of the bar overheard the remark; he taps Casey on the shoulder, saying: My friend, I am a Republican and I would like to hear you repeat your former remark.

Casey took a good survey of the man, and turning to the bartender, says, Mike, I'm the "bum."

The other day a little red-faced Irishman approached a postoffice which had three letter boxes outside. One was labeled "City," another "Domestic" and the third "Foreign." He looked at the three in turn and then, as a puzzled expression crossed his face, scratched his head.

"Faith," he was heard to mutter, "I don't know in whoch wan to put th' letter. Sure, Katie's a domestic, an' she

lives in the city all right, an' she's a furriner, too; but, begobs, how can th' thing go in both of the three holes at wance?"

Pat—"Yez may say wot you plaze, gintlemen; it's not onywhere ye'll be foindin' braver men nor th' Irish."

Banter—"Come off, Pat; it was only the other night that I made five of them run."

Pat—"Was it long catching ye they were?"

"Well, Misther McPhelim, how'd ye schlape last night?" "Ah, bhad, Denny, bhad! Unconscious a good dale of the toime."

McGuire—"How did he make all his money?"

Rafferty—"Smoking; he was the greatest smoker in America."

McGuire—"Dry up, Rafferty, you can't make money by smoking."

McGuire—"He did; he smoked hams."

During the encampment of several of the volunteer regiments at Camp Black, Long Island, N. Y., in the summer of 1898, connected with one of the regiments was an Irishman named Terry Kelly, who was universally liked by all who came in contact with him. He was fond of his bitters, and one night, returning to camp with a heavy load of wet goods, and forgetting the countersign, was challenged by the sentry on duty, "Who comes there?" "A friend," says Kelly. Sentry —"Advance friend and give the countersign." Kelly advanced and says: "I'm Colonel Roosevelt." The sentry knowing it was Kelly called a companion and told him the circumstances, and they concluded to give Kelly a cooling reception by throwing a bucket of cold water on him. Kelly howled like a wild Indian and fell prone upon the ground as if he was shot. The two soldiers leaned over him and one remarked: "Why it's Kelly —why didn't you tell us at once who you were instead of saying Colonel Roose-

velt?" "It's a lucky thing for me," says Kelly, "I didn't for if that's the way ye'd thraight the Kunel I wonder what the divil yez would do wid me, plain Terry Kelly."—*Alex. J. Brown.*

"Yes," said the dentist, "to insure painless extraction you'll have to take gas, and that's fifty cents extra."

"Oh!" said Casey, "I guess the old way'll be best; never mind no gas."

"You're a brave man."

"Oh! it ain't me that's got the tooth; it's my wife Bridget."

"What has become of your neice, Miss Murphy, Mrs. O'Raherty?"

"Och, sure an' she's done well wid hersilf. She married a lord."

"Why, you don't tell me! An English lord?"

"No; I don't think he's an English lord. He's a landlord. He kapes a hotel out in Indiana."

When Paddy heard an Englishman speaking of the fine echo at the Lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed:

"Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden in the county of Galway. If you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, thank you, sir.'"

A week previous to the return of the 69th Regt., N. G., of N. Y., from Chickamauga, an Irishman connected with one of the prominent Irish organizations went to a telephone and called up the well-known firm of horse dealers, Fiss, Dorr & Carroll, of N. Y. City, and the following conversation ensued: "I am Tom Gallagher, one of the Committee of the A. O. H., and we want you to send up to the headquarters of our association, on Monday morning next, *Twenty-Five Milk White Horses,* as we are going down to the Hoboken ferry to receive the

gallant 69th 'boys.'" One of the firm answers back: "We have only ten *White Horses* on hand at present, but we expect about three hundred *Green Horses* in a day or two and possibly will be able to select the balance from that lot." Gallagher became excited and says: "Well, if that is the case cancel the order for the *Twinty-Five White Horses* and sind us up *Fifty Green Horses.—Alex. J. Brown.*

"Pat, if Mr. Jones comes back before I return, tell him that I will meet him at two o'clock." "Ay, ay, sir; but what shall I tell him if he doesn't come?"

"Well, Pat, and how is that bull pup of yours doing?"

"Oh, he's dead! The illigant baste wint an' swallowed a tape measure!"

"Oh, I see! He died by inches, then?"

"No; begorra, he didn't! He wint round to the back of the house an' died by the yard!"

An old Irishman who had recently recovered from a severe attack of sickness chanced to meet his parish priest, who had been summoned during his illness to administer the rites of the church to the dying, as he was considered to be near death's door, and the following conversation took place: "Ah, Pat, I see you out again. We thought you were gone sure. You had a pretty serious time of it." "Yis, yer riverence, indade I did." "When you were so near death's door, were you not afraid to meet your God, your Maker?" "No, indade, your riverence. It was the other gintlemin."—*Frank Cahill.*

Mrs. O'Doyle—"Top of the mornin' to ye, Mrs. Grady. Is Mr. Grady sick?"

Mrs. Grady—"Never a bit. It's sympathy for the coal strikers, that's all."

"How is that, Mrs. Grady?"

"Not a lump of coal will he handle while the stroike lasts. So I hav' to build the fire meself, bad luck to it."

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had fallen, exclaimed:

"This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

John L. Sullivan says that the King of England has a keen sense of humor. "The Prince told me a story once," said Sullivan, "which struck me as being real good. He said he met an Irish pugilist and he asked him if he could whip any man in Ireland.

"'No,' said the Irishman, readily, 'but I can whip any man in England.'"

When the French landed at Bantry Bay an Irish peasant who was posted with a musket upon one of the cliffs and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer with: "What are you here for?"

"Faith, yer honor," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humor, "they tell me I'm here for *a century*"

An Irishman wandering up Fifth avenue saw in the window of a photographer's shop a large photograph of Mephisto. He went inside, and after gazing about the walls, said to the proprietor:

"I want to have a pichtur taken av meself an' me bruther. How much?"

The proprietor named the figure.

"All right," said Pat. "Will you take it now?"

"Where is your brother?" asked the photographer.

"He's in Ireland," was the reply.

"Well, my man," said the photographer, "we can't take his picture unless he is here."

"That's funny," said Pat. "Ye took a pichtur av the divil, an' he's down below."—*Fred Graves.*

Epitaph—Erected to the memory of John Moran, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother.

An Englishman and an Irishman, happening to be riding together, passed a gallows.

"Where would you be," said the Englishman, "if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone, I guess," said the Irishman.

Groceryman—"Pat, do you like apples?"

Pat—"Shure, sor, Oi wudn't ate an apple for the world."

"Why how is that?"

"Ough! didn't me ould mother die av apple plexy?"

"Now, Pat, you see the disgrace these low politicians have brought on the city, why don't you cast your vote for honest, respectable, solid men? Now, if Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant were put up in your district, would you vote for him?"

Patrick—"Stoyvesant, sor? Where does he kape his saloon?"

Patrick O'Mars, a private in the 9th regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered: "Me woife is very sick, and the children are not well, and if ye didn't mind, she would like to have me at home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes and said: "Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised the devil whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Patrick's turn now to eye the

colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly, he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to yez?"

"Certainly, Patrick; what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was never married in me loife.—*Geo. W Day.*

A lady one day in need of some small change called down stairs to the cook and inquired: "Mary, have you any 'coppers' down there?" "Yes, mum, I've two; but if you please, mum, they're both me cousins," was the unexpected reply.

An Irishman, describing the trading powers of the genuine Yankee, said, "Be-dad, if he was cast away on a desolate island, he'd get up the next mornin' and go round selling maps to the inhabitants."

An Irishman, newly appointed crier in the county court in California, where there were many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand.

"Call for Ah Song!" was the command.

Pat was puzzled for a moment. He glanced slyly at the judge, and found him as grave as an undertaker. Then, turning to the spectators, he blandly simpered:

"Gentlemen, would any of you favor his honor with a song?"

"What trade are you?"

"Shure, now, your honor, an' I'm a sailor."

"You a seafaring man? I question whether you were ever at sea in your life."

"Shure, now, an' does your honor think I came over from Ireland in a wagin?"

An honest Hibernian, being in bed in a great storm, and told that the house would tumble over his head, made answer: "What care I for the house? I am only a lodger."

Polite Conductor—"Shall I help you to alight, madame?"

Miss Murphy—"Much obleeged, young man, but I don't smoke."

"Bridget, I wish you would go and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning."

Bridget returned in a few minutes with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, ten months and eight days old.

Foreman—"Look here, Pat, you heard the governor say that job must be finished to-night?"

Pat—"All roight, sur, I'll have it done to-night if it takes me till to-marrow marnin'."

One day an Irishman who had not been long enlisted was put on duty at a prominent crossing, and he kept a sharp and faithful watch. Presently a citizen came along.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A citizen," was the response.

"Advance and give the countersign."

"I have not the countersign," replied the indignant citizen, "and the demand for it at this time and place is unusual."

"Well, begorrah! ye don't pass this way until ye say Bunker Hill."

The citizen, appreciating the situation, smiled and advanced to the sentry, and cautiously whispered the magic words.

"Right! Pass on!" and the wide-awake sentinel resumed his beat.—*T. J. Carey, Jr.*

Mistress (to Irish servant)—"Patrick, how is it you poor people have so many children?"

Pat (demurely)—"Indade, mum, it's the potatoes we ate!"

Mistress—"So you want me to read this love letter to you?"

Maid—"If ye plaze, mum. An' Oi've brought ye some cotton wool ye can stuff in yer ears while ye read it!"

"So you prefer my medicines to those of Dr. Pillsbury?"

Mrs. Mulligan—"Och, indade, docthor dear, ye're a dale better than th' other ould humbug."

Butcher, to boy—"I say, Pat, have you delivered Mr. Smith's joint and Mrs. Jones's ribs?" "Yes, sir." "That's right. Don't forget to cut off Mrs. Brown's skirts, and weigh Mrs. O'Malley's pigs' feet."

"How many ways can you serve meat?"

"Three, mum!"

"What are they?"

"Well done, rare and raw!"

Tim McGowan had his limb crushed when quite a boy. He afterwards lost his life in the Mexican war, and his surviving brother, Dennis, never ceased boasting of Tim's exploits.

"Och, murder," says he, "you ought to seen Tim at Rye-Sack a dollare Pole me (meaning Resaca de la Palma). He caught two Mexican blackguards by the cuffs of their necks and kilt them both as dead as herrin's by knockin' their heads together."

"How could that be," said the listener, "when your brother had but one arm?"

"Bless your sowl," answered Dennis, "one arm had he? That's true enough for ye, but then, ye see, Tim forgot all about that when he got into a fight."—*Col. Murphy.*

An Irishman charged with assault, was asked whether he was guilty. "How can I tell, your honor, till I have heard the evidence?" was the reply.

A wag who thought to have a joke at the expense of an Irish provision dealer said, "Can you supply me with a yard of pork?"

"Pat," said the dealer to his assistant, "give this gentleman three pig's feet."

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said an Irishman to a friend, who had fallen into a pit in the Irishman's garden. "No matter," said Pat, *"I've found it."*

An Irishman was asked if his horse was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he frequently spends the night by himself in a dark stable."

An Irish lady was up before a judge for assault on one Patrick Gilhooly.

Judge—"The testimony proves that you threw a brick at this man."

The Lady—"The testimony proves more nor that, judge. It proves I hit him!"

A priest the other day, who was examining a confirmation class in the South of Ireland, asked the question, "What is the Sacrament of Matrimony?"

A little girl at the top of the class answered: "Plaze, your riverence, 'tis a state into which sowls enter to prepare them for another and a better world."

"Put her down," says the curate, "put her down to the fut of the class."

"Lave her alone," said the priest; "for anythin' you or I know to the contrary, she may be perfectly right."

A man arrested for murder bribed an Irishman on the jury with a hundred dollars to hang out for a verdict of manslaughter. The jury were out a long time and finally came in with a verdict of manslaughter. The man rushed up to the Irish juror and said, "I'm obliged to you, my friend. Did you have a hard time?" "Yes," said the Irish. "A h—ll of a time. The other eleven wanted to acquit yer."

Inquisitive Party—"And do you go up that ladder all day long?"

Pat—"No, sur; half of the toime Oi come down."

"Ellen, how did it happen that when we came in last night after the theater, there was a policeman in the kitchen?"

"Shure, mum, Oi don't know; but Oi think the thayater didn't last as long as usual!"

Reporter—"It is said that yourself and your comrade, Mooney, were calm and collected after the dynamite explosion at the quarry."

O'Toole—"Wull, it was loike dhis: Oi was calm an' Mooney was collected!"

Employer—"Don't you see what's on the door?'

Pat—"A bit ov paper, sir."

Employer—"It says, 'Please shut the door.'"

Pat—"Faith, I didn't hear it, sir!"

We never hear an American boasting of his country's greatness without thinking of the Irishman at the falls of Niagara. "There!" cried Jonathan to a newly arrived Paddy, as he waved his hand in the direction of the horseshoe falls. "There! Now, isn't that wonderful?"

"Wontherful," replied Pat. "What's wontherful?"

"Why, to see all that water coming over them rocks?"

"Faix, then, to tell ye the honest truth," was the response, "I can't see anything very wontherful in that. Why, what the divil is there to hinther it from coming aver?"—*T. J. Carey.*

Mr. Mooney (alderman)—"Phwat do yez t'ink of these refarm clubs?"

Officer O'Brien (twirling his baton)—"Well, they're loighter to handle. But I t'ink 'twas wrong to do away wid der noight-shtick!"

JOKES THAT MADE "TOM" DUNN FAMOUS.

"Tom" Dunn was most generous in treating his friends. His usual order was champagne. One day years ago he found himself in the dingy saloon on First avenue near Twenty-third street, where the then unnoticed Charles F. Murphy was tending bar. Dunn had a friend and he asked him to name his preference.

"Your favorite," said the friend.

"Let's have a quart," said Tom.

"Where's your can," asked Murphy.

Tom and his friend had to drink mixed ale.

Dunn was introduced to a geological crank, who said: "Scientists have made an alarming discovery. They declare that the land on which Boston stands is slowly but steadily sinking into the sea."

Dunn smothered a yawn. Irritated that

so exciting a bit of information should be so indifferently received, the scientist querulously asked: "Dóesn't that strike you as interesting?"

"Not specially," drawled Dunn. "All my cash is invested in New York."

"The Scotch is a great race," said "Tom" Dunn one night. "I saw one of them on Broadway the other day chasing a car. Although there were fifty cars coming, this old Scotchman plugged along for five blocks after the car he first had in mind. Finally he caught it and, climbing up the rear platform, grunting and puffing, he said to the conductor: 'Hoot, mon; ye near missed a fare.'"

"Tom" Dunn and a party of friends were in an uptown cafe a few days ago, and paused at the door on the way out.

As they did so a man entered, slamming the door so hard that a basket of champagne on a shelf over the door was

knocked over. Dunn stood immediately underneath.

The ex-sheriff saw the basket start and caught it neatly in midair. Then, turning to the others, the basket still held over his head, he observed calmly:

"Boys, another second and the drinks would have been on me."

Dunn was a devout Roman Catholic, but he could joke on his religion as well as any other, within bounds. It is related that he was asked what was the most pleasant work he had ever done.

"Pulling down a Protestant church and getting paid for it," was his answer.

"I had a peculiar dream last night. I thought war had been declared. Every Tammany leader was colonel of a regiment. We was drawn up in line of battle before the blooming British, ready for a fight. Every one knew we could do 'em and everybody was anxious for a fight.

Then what did I see but a lot of our lads throwing down their guns and accoutrements and walking away.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Why, they told me those were Tom Foley's bunch, and they just heard the whistle blow for 6 o'clock, so they quit to go home to dinner."

When it comes to his practical jokes two of them are at least classic. In both of them Mr. Croker figured and the grim leader tried to be angry in both cases.

"But what's the use?" he once said to an intimate in the Democratic Club. "You start out to roast 'Tom' Dunn and he has you laughing in a minute."

One joke was when a district captain in the Twenty-sixth Assembly district went to the district leader with:—'Tom, I want to get married."

"Married! That's good," answered Dunn. "But hold on—have you seen Croker about it?"

"Seen Croker?" repeated the wonder-

ing henchman. "Why, no, I didn't think —must I see him? Why, I have asked the priest and sent out the invitations— what'll I do?"

"Get down to see him as quick as you can. Put it up to him strong how you have served the party. If he wants any references use my name."

That was why Mr. Croker, in Tammany Hall a half an hour later, was listening to a much excited man, who had insisted upon seeing him to make an almost incoherent request for permission to marry, and apologizing at the same time for not speaking of it before. Mr. Croker smiled grimly when he heard the reference and sent the young man away happy.

The "Tom" Dunn dances—annual affairs of the Delaware Club, of which he was patron—were institutions attended by every prominent Tammany man in the city. There was always another occasion for the district, but that was in the sum-

mer, when women and children had their outing free of charge.

When Mr. Croker popularized evening clothes visitors attended "Tom" Dunn's ball in force. One leader appeared in regulation dress.

"What do you think of th' driss suit?" he inquired, proudly.

"Great," was Dunn's answer. "Why don't you get one of your own?"

Another time a district leader was complaining of a priest in his district. "I don't know what to do," he said.

"Have him transferred," suggested Dunn, without a smile. The man looked at him in wonder. "Sure," was the supplementary advice. "Go to Croker. He'll do it."

Away went the man. The incident ended his political career, for Croker had him defeated for the leadership. Dunn always said he was sorry about the joke, but it has been whispered that the good priest would not have been troublesome

if the leader had not been abetting certain things obnoxious to the better class in the community.

A poker game was on in a parlor in the Lakewood Hotel.

The door opened. In came a negro with three quarts of champagne with the compliments of Col. Kessler, wine agent.

Only three quarts. It wasn't enough.

"Give me a glass of wine," said Dunn. The glass was set on the radiator until the wine was almost luke warm. A waiter was summoned and the luke-warm glass sent to Kessler with the message:

"Is that the way wine should be served?" said Dunn.

A wait of five minutes brought no end of apologies and—four ice-cold quarts!

Dunn lost his district in a recent Mayoralty election. He appeared in Tammany hall next afternoon when the Executive Committee met, still smiling, while

other defeated leaders were looking miserable.

"It don't seem to me you got so much to smile over," said "Florrie" Sullivan, who sat gloomily on a table.

"Oh, they give me a dago stand-off up in my district," said Dunn.

"A dago stand-off?" queried "Tom" Foley. "What's that, Tom?"

"Oh, they let me get away with me life," said Dunn.

Next minute he had turned smilingly to Charles F. Murphy:—"You're looking fine. The cold weather must agree with you." Murphy never saw it until it was too late to get mad.

"And now, sir, I'll drive you to O'Connell street, the foinest street in the world. Do ye see Nelson's Pillar, and the foin building beside it? That's the Post Office." "And what are those three statues on top of it?" said Dunn. "Why, thim are the twelve apostles, Your Honor. "But I see only three of them; where

could the nine others be?" "Oh, Your Honor, where would they be but inside sorting the letters."—*N. Y. World.*

A school teacher asked an Irish boy to describe an island. "Sure, ma'am," said Pat, "it's a place ye can't lave widout a boat."

An Irishman, hearing of a friend who had a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed:

"Faith, that's good; shure, an' a shtone coffin w'ud lasht a man a loife-toime!"

The judge asked an Irish policeman named O'Connell, "When did you last see your sister?" The policeman replied: "The last time I saw her, Judge, was about eight months ago, when she called at my home, and I was out." "Then you did not see her on that occasion?" "No, Judge, I wasn't there."

An Irishman entered a country inn and called for a glass of the best Irish whisky. After being supplied he drank it, and was about to walk out when the following conversation took place:

Landlord—"Here, sir, you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"What's that you say?"

Landlord—"I said you haven't paid for that whisky you ordered."

Irishman—"Did you pay for it?"

Landlord—"Of course I did."

Irishman—"Well, thin, what's the good of both of us paying for it?"

A big Irishman, who had evidently been drinking, arose in a street car and gave the bell strap a sharp pull. The conductor exclaimed angrily, "Here, don't do that. You're ringing the bell at both ends of the car."

"That's all right. Bedad (hic), an' I want both inds of the car to shtop."

Two Jews in a street car—First Jew: "I vill nefer go py Far Rockaway agen fer de summer. Nodding but Irish everywhere." Second Jew—"It's de same at Saratoga, Abey, it's alive mit Irish. I vish I could go vere dere vas no Irish."

Mrs. Clancy (on the opposite seat)—"Yez can both go to h—l, y'll find no Irish there."—*John Mulligan.*

A green Irishman was sent by his employer to take charge of a Jewish funeral, and upon making his report to his "Boss," Pat says:

"That's a curious custom the Jews have of placing a $20 gold piece in the right hand of the corpse."

"Why, that is to pay his way over the river Jordan."

"Well," says Pat, "if that's the case that Hebrew will have to swim, because I swiped the $20."—*J. F. Doyle.*

Mrs. Casey—"Hev yez any soap?"

Druggist (sweetly)—"Soap, ma'am? Any amount. Here is some Peachbloom Pride. For a perfect complexion like yours——"

Mrs. Casey (interrupting)—"Arrah, now! It isn't soft soap Oi do be wantin'!"

Mistress—That was a very nice letter of Patrick's offering you marriage, Mary. What shall I say in reply for you?"

Mary—"Tell him, mum, if ye plaze, that whin I get my wages raised next month, mum, I'll begin to save fer the weddin' things."

Mistress—"We'd like to have you stay a little longer, Bridget."

"Oi'd loike to mesilf, mum, but how w'u'd the imploymint agencies make a livin' if we cooks didn't move once in a while?"

Molly Cassidy—"Shure, Pat, I had a certificate ov karacter, but I lost it comin' over. Phwat shall I do?"

Pat Murphy—"Niver moind, Molly; I'll write ye wan."

Writes one like this:

"This is to certify that Molly Cassidy had a good karacter before she lift the ould counthry, but losht it on shipboard comin' over!"

Wealthy young lady called at the undertaker's and identified a corpse as her father. She gave orders for elaborate burial. Just as she was leaving, she took a last look and observed that the lower jaw had fallen, exposing a set of false teeth. "That's not my father," said the young lady, and immediately left.

The undertaker yanked the body out of a handsome coffin, slapped it down on the slab and said to it: "You d— fool! If you'd kept your mouth shut, you'd got a first-class funeral."—*T. F. Casey.*

A man asked an Irish priest what a miracle was. He gave him a full explanation, which did not satisfy the man, who said:

"Now, won't yer riverence give me an example of a miracle?"

"Well," said the priest, "step before me and I'll see what I can do."

As the man did so he gave him a tremendous kick behind.

"Did you feel that?" he asked.

"Begorra, I did feel it, sure enough!"

"Well," said the priest, "it would be a miracle if you didn't!"—*John O'Connell.*

"Bridget, has Johnny come home from school yet?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sorr."

"Then how do you know he's home?"

"'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."

First Passenger (irritably to Irishman who has stepped on his foot in the car)—"Where are your eyes, anyhow?"

Celtic Passenger (pleasantly)—"In me head."

First Passenger (warming up)—"Well, can't you see my feet?"

Celtic Passenger (more pleasantly)—"No; yez have shoes on."

Mike—"Shure, Pat, health is a good thing to have."

Pat—"Yis, Moike, especially when yez is sick!"

An Irishman who keeps a saloon found his cash was always short, so he said to his Jew bartender one day:

"Levi, did you take any money out of the register last night?"

Levi says: "Yes, I took my carfare home."

The Irishman says: "Where do you live? In San Francisco?"

A gentleman who frequently visited Ireland, and generally stopped and dined at the same hotel in Dublin, on his arrival one day, perceived a paper wafered on the looking-glass in the coffee room, with the following written notice: "Strangers are particularly requested not to give any money to the waiters, as attention is charged for in the bill."

The man who had waited on him at dinner, seeing him reading this notice, said: "Oh, Mister—sure that don't concern you, in any way. Your honor was never made a stranger of in this house."

Every rainy day we find a lot of men sitting around telling "stories." Here is one we heard to-day: An Irishman was painting a house and working with great rapidity. Some one asked him why he was in such a rush. "I'm trying to get through," the Irishman replied, "before the paint gives out."

A young lady went into a well-known establishment a few days ago and said to the floorwalker, "Do you keep stationery?

"No, ma'am," replied the floorwalker; "if I did I should lose me job."

Farley—"Pat, have yez heard av this new thing called mind-reading?"

Pat—"No, what is it all about?"

Farley—"Oh, it's a great science and I'm pretty smart at it meself."

Pat—"Phwat am I thinking of now?"

"Sure ye think I'll ask ye in to have a drink, but divil a bit do I mane to."

"I hear O'Reilly is going to prove an alibi at his trial."

"What's an alibi, Pat?"

"Shure, and it's being in two places at wanst!"

"Pat, hold my horse a moment; he's green and I don't dare leave him."

"Green, is it? Faith, he looks to me loike a bay mare."

When Dr. John Cairns went from Scotland to Ireland for rest and travel in 1864, he was at once delighted by discovering from the guides who showed him about that most of the landed gentry were "Sunday folks."

"That's a fine castle," he would say, pointing to a big house set like a crown on some rocky hill.

"Yes, sorr," said his guide. "'Tis Sir John O'Connor's" or, "'Tis Sir Rory O'Moore's." He always added, "He's a Sundah mon."

At last Dr. Cairns grew curious.

"What is a Sunday man?" he asked.

"Well, sorr, it do be a mon thot has so many writs out agin him for debt that he stays shut up tight in his house all the

week, and only comes out on Sundah, when the law protects him."

Two Irish servants were quarreling. "Shure," said the one, "an' didn't Oi hear yer masther comin' in after half pasht four av the noight." "An' shure," retorted the other, "an' didn't Oi hear yer masther not comin' home at all lasht noight."

An Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

Caller—"Your master's not at home, eh, Pat?"

Pat—"No, sor; he do be in the ould counthry these t'ree wakes, sor."

"Excuse me, Pat, but how is it that

when your mistress is on this side of the water your master's on the other, and vice versa? Is there trouble between them?"

"None at all, sor; only they have agrade bechune 'em that they can live togither better whin they're apart."

Mr. B.—"Well, Pat, they tell me I made a fool of myself last night."

Pat—"It's not for the loikes o' me to be sayin' yis or no to that, sor."

Mr. B.—"But isn't it true that I was so loaded that you had to carry me home from the club?"

Pat—"It is, sor."

Mr. B.—"And I suppose you had a good deal of trouble doing it."

Pat—"Will, oi can't say about the trouble, but oi had me regrits."

Mr. B.—"You regretted to see me in that condition, of course."

Pat—"Not igzactly that, sor, but oi

regritted that ye didn't t'ink of it in toime an' ax me to carry half yer load."

"The password is 'Saxe'; now, don't forget it, Pat," said the colonel just after the battle of Fontenoy, at which Saxe was marshal.

"Sacks? Faith, I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after the Irishman had arrived at his post.

Pat was as wise as an owl, and in a sort of a whisper yell, replied:

"Bags, yer honor!"

"I hear you want to sell your dog, Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree."

"Shure, an' Oi niver noticed it, sor. Anyhow, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an' Oi'm thinkin' as how he'll be afther outgrowin it, sor."

"Did you find Mr. Jones, Patrick."

"I did, sorr."

"What did he say?"

"Niver a worrud, sorr."

"Not a word?"

"Not a worrud, sorr."

"Why not, Patrick?"

"Because he was out, sorr."

"Out! I thought you said you found him?"

"I did, sorr; I found him out."

Mike—Say, Mrs. Nolan, I hear you are keeping company with a man, an' your husband is only dead six months.

Widow Nolan—True for you, Mike, I am, and glad of it.

Mike—Sure, I am ashamed to hear you say so, and indeed you ought to have more respect for his memory.

Widow Nolan—Whist, now, Mike; you can't take memory in your arms of a could night.

O'Dowd—"But, bedad, the day's at hand, O'Brien, whin there'll be no tinants in ould Ireland."

O'Brien—"An' whin's that?"

"Whin the landlords that's there is al abshentees, an' whin the tinants is all landlords."

"Arrah, but there'll shtill be wan tinant left, O'Dowd."

"An' who'll he be?"

"The Lord Lift-tinant."

Pat—Did you attend Casey's Funeral?

Mike—Oi did.

Pat—Was you wan av th' mourners?

Mike—Oi was—somebody stole my hat.

Waiter—I'm sorry, sir, but we're all out of fish, but I can give you beefsteak, or——

Pat—Well, give me some corned beef and cabbage. God knows I asked for fish.

A gentleman, in delivering one of a series of addresses, excused himself one evening for being unable to speak on several points, the mice, he said, having destroyed part of his notes. Later, while visiting in the neighborhood, he asked one man:—

"Were you at any of my lectures, Rooney?"

Rooney—'Dade an' Oi wus, yer haner; all av thim.

Lecturer—Which one did you like best?

Rooney—The wan the mice was at, yer haner!

"Phwat's the matter wid ye?" asked Casey of McGookin.

"'Tis a bad nosebleed Oi hov," replied McGookin, the plumber, "an Oi can't stop it."

"Huh! 'tis not much av a plumber ye are if ye can't stop a leak in yer own face."

"Hello, Pat, have you seen Mike lately?"

"Yes, begorra; oi thought oi saw him across the street t'other day, and he thought he saw me, but when we got up to one another, bedad, it was neither of us."

Casey—"How do you tell the age of a turkey?"

Pat—"By the teeth."

Casey—"A turkey hasn't got teeth!"

Pat—"No; but I have."

"How many men were in the riot?" asked the Judge. "Four, your honor; three in the center and one on the outside."

"Hello, Mike, do you find much to do now?"

"Yis. I'm jest after cuttin' down a trae, and to-morrow I'll have to cut it up."

John L. Sullivan tells a story about an Irish friend from Boston who called on him while in New York. I invited him into the Hoffman House and bought a drink of whiskey for him. He saw me throw down a half dollar for the two drinks and noticed that I didn't have any change coming back.

"Arrah, now," says he, "d'ye mean to tell me, John, that ye paid twenty-five cents a drink for that whiskey?"

"Yes," said I.

"Oh, come back to Boston," says he. "I can take ye into McCarthy's place and get ye a drink of whiskey for ten cents that will burn the heart out of ye."

"I overheard that man who calls on you say something about betting, Bridget. I hope he doesn't frequent pool rooms?"

"Shure, ma'am, he doesn't know there's such a place in the city. He's a police-man, ma'am."

Mistress—"I want a chicken smothered in gravy for dinner."

Cook—"If ye want it killed in as cruel a way as that, e'll have ter do it yerself, mum!"

Counting the Chickens—"I've counted 'em all," said Pat, "but that little speckled one, and he won't keep still long enough to be counted."

Casey—"Oi see there's bin another railroad wreck due to an open switch."

Cassidy—"Ay, 'tis a pity some wan don't invint a switch thot'll stay shut when it's open."

Doctor—"Now that you are convalescing you may have a little animal food."

Patient—"No, sor. Oi dhrank your grool all right, but Oi'll be dom'd if Oi can chew your sthraw."

"Moving again, Casey?" asked Murphy, as Casey came out of the gate with a wash-tub tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a mirror behind him.

"Yes," moaned the afflicted man, mopping his perspiring brow; "I'm going to leave this hole."

"What for? Don't you like the neighborhood?"

"Oh, no, not that; the neighbors are all right."

"Water not good, maybe?"

"No beter can be found."

"The rent hasn't been raised, has it?"

"No. That's the reason I'm going to seek another house."

"What!" exclaimed the surprised Murphy; "moving from a place because the rent has not been raised. Surely you don't object to that, Casey?"

"No, I do not," sadly replied Casey, as he started back for the kitchen set of furniture; "but the landlord does—you know."—*John Mooney.*

An Irish couple, whose married bliss was not without a few "squalls," received a homely lecture from their spiritual adviser, regarding their disgraceful quarrels.

"Why, that dog and cat you have agree better than you."

The reply somewhat upset him:

"If yer riverence'll toie them tigither, ye'll soon change yer moind."—*F. J. M.*

Sportsman—"Is there much good hunting in these parts, my good man?"

Native—"Sure, there's plenty hunting, but dommed little finding."

"Michael," said his employer, "you are looking very rocky this morning."

"Yis, sor," replied the driver of the delivery wagon. "Oi've a bad headache. Oi was at a christening last night, sor, an' the kid was the only one in the crowd that took water."

As a gentleman was stepping from his carriage in Harrisburg to take the train for Philadelphia his coachman said: "The oats are getting low, sir."

"Very well," said the gentleman; "you telephone Miller & Jones to send up some."

Mike went to the telephone, when the following conversation took place:

"Is this Miller & Jones?"

"Yes."

"Will you sind up six bags of oats, and hurry up with 'um."

"All right, who are they for?"

"Arrah, now, don't you get gay—for the horses, to be sure," and Mike rang off.

Murphy—"What would you do if you woke up some fine morning and found that you had inherited ten thousand dollars?"

Casey—"I'd jist roll over and try to dream it over agin."

Nora—"Phat time shall I be lookin' fur ye to call this evenin', Terry, dear?"

Terry—"Phat time do the old man be afther puttin' on his slippers?"

Hoolihan—"Phwat's the matter wid ye, Curran?"

Curran—"It's the hay fever Oi hov."

Hoolihan—"An' how did yez get it?"

Curran—"From shlapin' on a straw bed, av coorse. Any ould fool'd know thot."

"Really, Mrs. O'Toole," said Mrs. Naybor, "you should send little Denis to the kindergarten."

"Phwat koind av a thing is that?" demanded the contractor's wife.

"Kindergarten? Oh! that's simply German for——"

"Enough said, ma'am. Oi'll hov no Dutch in moine, thank ye koindly, ma'am."

During the prevalence of the cholera in Ireland, a soldier, hurrying into the mess-room, told his commanding officer that his brother had been carried off two days before by a fatal malady, expressing his apprehensions that the whole regiment would be exposed to a similar danger in the course of the following week. "Good heavens!" ejaculated the officer, "what then did he die of?" "Why, your honor, he died of a Tuesday."

Casey sailed once as a deckhand on the Millicent, from Peru. How he got to Peru has nothing to do with this story.

They were four days out when one of the crew, who had access to the grog, lost his equilibrium while admiring the bounding main, and fell into it.

Casey went and told the captan The captain wound off a string of unprintable, though expressive adjectives, and told the "son of a gun" to throw the buoy

over to the drowning man, "d—— him," then continued his libation.

In less than two minutes Casey returned gasping for breath, and blurted out:

"Please, sir, Oi couldn't catch the bhoy at all, at all, so I threw the Chinese cook overboard."

It is needless to say that Mr. Casey does not possess testimonials from his last master.

Traveler—"And are you a son of Erin?"

Native—"Divil a bit, sor, I'm a son of Paddy Murphy, sor."

Says Norah to Pat, "The other night, when I was up to O'Sullivan's, you said you was going to get work next week at 17.15 Per. Now what in the divil did you mean by Per?" "Why," says Pat, "you ould Goose, don't you see into it, it *means 'Perhaps.'*"

Policeman Sparrow—"'Tis the foine Frinch nurse yere afther makin', Biddy."

Biddy Babycarriage—"Frinch nurse, is it? Frinch nurse? Oi'll give yez to understand that I'm just as much a chauffeur as th' operathor uf any other horseless carriage." — *The Automobile Magazine.*

"Phwat was the trouble, McGinnis, bechune you an' O'Hara?"

"He said I war too good lookin' ter worruk, an' he t'rew me into the mortar-bed."

"Well, well! an' how did ye feel about thot?"

"Well, I was very much mortafied!"

An Irishman, after witnessing the wonderful performances of Blind Tom, the pianist, remarked to his friend, "Be the powers, that's the best music I iver heard wid me two ears."

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, was applied to by a friend for his autograph; to which he replied:

"Sir, I never send autographs,

Yours,

Daniel O'Connell."

Mr. Casey—"Let me off at Milltown."

Conductor—"We don't stop; this is a through train."

Mr. Casey—"Thin, playse, sor, will yer sthop long enough for me to tell Bridget that it's carried through I am."

"What a plump figure Norah has!"

"Yes? If it were only her own!"

"Why, I saw her out yesterday, and I'll swear she was padded."

"Oh, I don't think so."

"But she was. She had Paddy Murphy's arm."

"Oh! Paddied!—I see."

Doctor—"Have you got the better of the ague yet?"

Patient—"No, sor. Me an' me wife is as bad as iver, sor."

Doctor—"Did you get that whiskey and quinine I prescribed?"

Patient—"Yis, sor; but it did no good at all, at all."

Doctor—"That's strange! You took it according to instructions, I suppose?"

Patient—"Yis, sor; ye know a man and his wife are one"

Doctor—"What has that to do with it?"

Patient—"Well, ye see, sor, bein' as we are one flesh, I tuk the whiskey and gave Biddy the quinine.—*John Lynch.*

Mike—"Are yez toired?"

Pat—"Toired, is it ye say? Be jabers, Moike, th' best thing th' good Lord iver done fer us wuz t' fix us so wees c'u'd sit down!"

"Mike, an' it's yourself that can tell me how they make ice cream?" "In truth, I can; don't they *bake* them in *cowld* ovens, to be sure."

Pat—"Whot be the ghurl wid the rid jacket doin' over there?"

Mike—"Playing gholif, sure."

Pat—"Playin' is it? Whot does she be doin' whin she's workin'?"

Waiter—"And now will you have a French pâté?"

Young Hooley—"Go long wid ye now, who iver heard uv a French Paddy?"

Casey—"Finnegan has been married foive years, but sorra the chick or child has he got."

Cassidy—"Thrue for ye. I wonder is that hereditary in his family or hers."

An Irishman having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window was making the best of his way out of sight; but unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him; and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed: "You broke my window, fellow, did you not?"

"To be sure I did," said Pat; "and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?"

Paddy has a great power of enjoyment after all. One day he saw a bull attack a man, and he had to hold on his sides with both hands, the scene was so funny. After a time the animal turned his attention in another direction, and poor Pat, after exploring the heights, came down with a thump on the other side of the fence. He rubbed his wounds, and as he said to himself, "Faith, I'm glad I had my laugh when I did, or I wouldn't have had it at all, at all."—*John McNulty.*

Among the conditions of sale by an Irish auctioneer was the following: "The highest bidder to be the purchaser, unless some gentleman bids more."

Hannigan—"Shure, these scales is no good at all for me. They only weigh the heft o' 200 pounds, an' Oi'm near to 250."

Flannigan—"Well, man alive, can't ye git on thim twice?"

Mr. Hogan, after hammering on the door for five minutes: "Is it dead or alive ye are?"

Mr. Grogan, within: "Nayther; I'm shlapin'."

An Irish crier at Dublin being ordered to clear the court, did so by this announcement, "Now, then, all ye *blackguards* that isn't *lawyers* must lave the coort."

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the Judge asked an unwilling witness "what was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was, "well, your Honor, it was marked 'whiskey' on one end of the barrel, and 'Pat Duffy' on the other end, so that I can't say whether it was whiskey or Pat Duffy was in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."

Judge (to officer)—"What is this man charged with?"

Pat—"Bigotry, yer honor."

Judge — "Bigotry? Why, what's he been doing?"

Pat — "Married three women, yer honor."

Judge—"Three! That's not bigotry; that's trigonometry."

Casey — "I was much moved by a speech I heard yestiddy." "Wot was it?" "A park cop said 'gettinblazesoutofhere!'"

Casey—"Come, let's go and have a drink, Mike?"

Mike—"No, thankye; I just had two with Clancy, and a third wouldn't be half enough."

Mrs. Dolan—"I think you have such an original husband."

Mrs. Dooley—"Original nothing! He's my third, and I'm his fourth."

A bachelor being told by a priest that marriages were made in heaven doubted it and taking a piece of paper from his pocket wrote:

"Though matches are all made in heaven, they say,
Yet Hymen, who mischief oft hatches,
Sometimes deals with the house *t'other side of the way,*
And *there* they make *Lucifer* matches."

The late William Terries, seeing a novel ear covering which was recommended for the cold weather, bought it and gave it to his old coachman, Pat O'Brien, who could thus protect himself while waiting for Mr. Terries at night. Pat was profuse in his gratitude, but a night or two later Mr. Terries noticed that he was not wearing the muffler. "Why have you given it up so soon?" he asked. "Well, sir," was the man's reply, "it was werry comfortable, but you see, sir, I found out t'other night that when I 'ad my ears covered a friend 'ad asked me to 'ave a drink and I niver 'eard 'im at all."

Patrick—"Did ye'es iver notice that hate expands the rails an' cold makes them shorter?"

Dennis—"Oi did. An' that's why the days are longer in the hot weather than they are in the winther. Ye's haven't all the larnin' that's goin', me boy."

O'Brien—"Say, Murphy, do you know John Wanamaker began life without a dollar in his pocket."

Murphy—"Oh, I don't see any brag in that—divil a cent I had when I was born."

The Prosecuting Attorney—"Was the prisoner in the habit of singing when he was alone? "

Pat McGuire (witness)—"Shure, an' I can't say, for Oi was niver with him when he was alone."

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a donkey, which was making "daylight hideous" with his unearthly braying.

Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment, then, turning to Pat, who was enraptured with the song, he remarked, "It's a fine ear the baste has got for music, but he's got a wonderful bad cowld."

In hearing an Irish case of assault and battery, counsel, in cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had the first place they stopped at?

"Four glasses of ale," was the reply.

"Next?"

"Two glasses of whiskey."

"Next?"

"One glass of brandy."

"Next?"

"A fight."

A railroad accident ocurred in Ohio. An east-bound train side-tracked at a station to await the arrivel of a west-bound train. Some of the passengers got out to walk up and down the track. One of them, hard of hearing, failing to notice the approaching west-bound train, was instantly killed. An Irish track hand, working near by, looking at the corpse, remarked, "Faith, an' it'll tache him a lesson not to walk on the thrack agin."

Odd Comparison—Like the Irishman's frog, he always sat down when he stood up, and always stood up when he sat down.

An Irishman received a challenge to fight a duel, but declined.

On being asked the reason, "Och," said Pat, "would you have me leave his mother an orphan?"

An Irishman who had blistered his fingers by endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed: "I shall never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

Mrs. Brown—"You know I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Tooley. I've just taken a little house on the river."

Mrs. Tooley—"Oh! well, I hope you'll drop in some day."

Pat Kelly came home one night a little to the bad from whiskey and went to bed with a somewhat hazy idea of things. In the night he was aroused by the cry of "fire," and in his anxiety to make a hasty toilet and not wholly recovered from the effects of his indiscretion earlier in the evening, he donned his trousers hind side before. As he started down the stairs, he slipped and fell, rolling to the bottom of the flight. A friend rushed to his assistance and exclaimed, "are you hurted, Pat?" Kelly got on his feet slowly, and after an intent and analytical examination of his trousers said, "no, but I got a h—l of a twist."—*Col. Brown.*

Mrs. B.—Here is a three-minute-and-a-half glass, Bridget; you may boil the eggs with it.

Bridget (five minutes later)—The eggs is done, mum, but Oi hev me doubts about the glass.

O'Toole was one day watching trains arriving at the New York Central Depot, when a bystander exclaimed:

"Here he comes O'Toole." O'Toole being somewhat of a scholar and wanting to show his learning says: "You're wrong, my friend, it is here '*she*' comes." After an argument the bystander bet $15 *"he"* was proper and they resolved to leave it to the conductor. He decided that, as it was a mail train, *"he"* was correct.—*Frank Powers.*

"How old was the wall that fell on me?" said the Irishman to the policeman who was taking him in the ambulance to the hospital.

"Oh, I should say about eighty years," answered the policeman.

"Just my luck," said Pat. "I only arrived yesterday, and it waited all that time for me."

Five or six men were recently chatting in a village inn, when one of them said:

"I say, I bet ye dinners all round ye can't tell me the answer to a puzzle I knows of."

"Done," said they. "I bet we can. What is it?"

"Well," said Pat, "why is a journalist the funniest creature in the world."

After vainly trying for about two hours, they sadly said they must give it up.

"Why,' said the delighted Pat, "because his tale comes out of his head, don't it?'

Mrs. Dooley asked a druggist the other day if he had any soap. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Do you want it scented or unscented?"

Mrs. Dooley—"Well, bein' it's so small, I guess I'll take it along with me."

Mike—"Do ye mane to say thot's a ye. Phwat's th' difference bechune a loaf of bread baked lasht wake and—"

Pat (interrupting)—"Och, begorra, that's sthale!"

Mike—"Do ye mane to say thot's a sthale joke?"

Pat—"No; Oi name the bread baked lasht wake is sthale!"

An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th regiment, in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

It is quite as hard as ever to get ahead of Pat. That was proved the other day during a trial in an English courtroom, an Irish witness being examined as to his knowledge of a shooting affray.

"Did you see the shot fired?" the Magistrate asked, when Pat had been sworn.

"No, sorr. I only heard it," was the evasive answer.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," replied the Magistrate, sternly. "Stand down!"

The witness proceeded to leave the box, and directly his back was turned he laughed derisively. The Magistrate, indignant at the contempt of court, called him back and asked him how he dared to laugh in court.

"Did ye see me laugh, your honor?" queried the offender.

"No, sir; but I heard you," was the irate answer.

"That evidence is not satisfactory," said Pat, quietly, but with a twinkle in his eye.

And this time everybody laughed—even the Magistrate.—*John O'Reilly.*

Casey—"Av all the close-fisted ould misers that iver Oi see Dolan's the worst."

Cassidy—"Oh, 'tis the family trait wid him."

I saw two Irishmen on a Broadway cable car yesterday. One says to the other:

"Mike, yer clothes look pretty tough and seedy. Why don't ye get a dacent suit ov clothes?"

"Well," answers Mike, with almost a pompous confidence in his explanation, "there's not a tailor in Harlem that kin measure me, I'm that ticklish!'

A man was complaining to some by-standers that he did not know what was the matter with his horses. He had tried everything he could hear of—Condition Powder and all other specifics—but to no purpose. They would not improve in flesh.

A stable boy of Irish extraction, whose sympathies were aroused by the story, comprehended the situation and modesty asked:

"Did you iver try corn?"

Pat was a bashful lover and Biddy was coy—but not too coy.

"Biddy," Pat began, timidly, "did ye ivver think av marryin'?"

"Sure, now, th' subect has nivver entered me thoughts," demurely replied Biddy.

"It's sorry Oi am," said Pat, turning away.

"Wan minute, Pat!" called Biddy, softly. "Ye've set me a-thinkin'."

"How will you have your eggs cooked?' asked the waiter. "Make any difference in the cost?" inquired Brannigan, cautiously. "No." "Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham, if you plaise."

"How do you like that whisky, Pat?"

"Shure, your honor, it has made another man of me, an' that other man would like a glass, too."

An old Irish friend of mine says that of all the alleged fireproof buildings in New York there's only one he would bank on, and that's the reservoir.

"Dennis," said a gentleman to his janitor, "you are late this morning. What is the trouble?"

"I wor obliged to go to court this mornin' where they wor investigating a little occurrence that happened last night."

"Well, did they find anything?"

"Yes, they fined me."

A gentleman seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired: "Patrick, what are you doing?"

"I am opening the cellar window, to be sure."

"And what are you doing that for?"

"May it *plaise* your honor," said Patrick, *"to let out the dark."*

Bridget and Pat were reading an article on "The Law of Compensation."

"Just fancy!" exclaimed Bridget. "Accordin' to this, whin a mon loses wan av his sinses another gits more developed. For instance a bloind mon gits more sinse av hearin' an' touch, an'——"

"Shure, an' it's quite thrue," answered Pat. "Oi've noticed it meself. Whin a mon has wan leg shorter than the other, begorra the other's longer."

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning.

"Indade, an' Oi am, sor. It's a family thrait, Oi do be thinkin'."

"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"

"Me feyther, is it! Faix, an' he roises that early that ef he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in the mornin'."—*J. J C.*

Doctor—"I've left you some pills to take after meals."

Mulligan—"I suppose you couldn't leave me the meals to take before the pills, doctor?"

Two Irishmen, recently arrived in America, were traveling along a country road one cold morning, when, as they were passing a house, their conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of several dogs. One seized hold of a stone, but finding it frozen fast to the ground, he exclaimed, "My, what a counthry! The sthones are tied fast and the dogs are tied loose!"

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked a gentleman of Irish extraction. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead."

"Well, Mr. Murphy, how are you to-day—better?" asked the doctor.

"No, sorr, Oi'm worse—as full av pains as a windy," replied Mr. Murphy.

"Worse! Did you rub that stuff I sent you well into the skin?"

"Rub it into me skin? Av coorse not, sorr. Oi saw it was labeled 'Fur outward application only,' so Oi just rubbed it on me clothes."

Muldoon—I want to ask you a question.

McCaffrey—All right, ask away.

Muldoon—I'm thinking of getting married again. Now you have been married three times to my knowledge; tell me which wife you liked the most?

McCaffrey—You bite three lemons, one after another, and then tell me which is the sweetest. . .

Casey—"The family trait? Nonsense! Shure, he'd niver trait wan man, let alone a family."

Cassidy—"Well, well, av this paper ain't got these names mixed up, it's quare to me."

Casey—"Whut's ut all about?"

"Here ut sez: 'Late last noight Policeman Sam Johnson arrested a man named Patrick O'Rafferty in the act av stalin' some chickens.'"

Mrs. B.—And remember, Mary, I never allow my girls to entertain their beaux in the kitchen.

Mary—Very well, ma'am. What nights does your daughter use the parlor?

"Jane, how is this? Didn't I tell you to sweep the front as far as the corner?"

"Indade, mum, yez didn't; ye told me to swape the front poorch an' walk to the corner, an' I did it, mum, though for me loife I couldn't see why yez wanted me to walk to the corner."

It was past midnight, in a dark, cold, comfortless season, when a gentle but oft-repeated knock was heard at the door of a huge building, the domicile of a well-known institution in the Metropolis, the inmates of which had all retred to rest. The knock, however, was perseveringly repeated at intervals, until the matron put her head out of the window and inquired who was there at so unreasonable an hour.

"An' sure, ma'am, it's myself it is," replied a plaintive voice. "It's myself that's wantin' shelter till morning, for I'm cowld and hungry, and sure it's a dacent Christian like that'll be after letting me in."

"Get away," said the embarrassed matron, "this is no place for you. Get away, I say. For shame of you, coming here! This is the Lying in Hospital."

"Oh, thin, indeed!" replied the poor fellow, "it's the very place for me, for I've been lying out these three nights."

Mooney—Poor Fogarty! He's gone over to the silent majority.

Casey—Why—I—when did he—is he dead?

Mooney—Well, no; but he's married.

"Do you t'ink you love me, Dinnis?" asked Judy.

"Go 'way, now, darlint; av coorse I do!"

"How do you know it, Dinnis?"

"Be the way I appreciate your prisince when Oi'm away from ye."

"There's a difference in time, you know between this country and Europe," said a gentleman in New York to a newly arrived Irishman. "For instance, your friends in Cork are in bed and fast asleep by this time, while we are enjoying ourselves in the early evening."

"That's always the way!" exclaimed Pat. "Ireland niver got justice yit."

A Western clergyman, having allowed his church to get into a bad state of disrepair, was ordered to restore it. He commenced with the sounding board over the pulpit, and after putting it right he called in his coachman with a view to testing it, and made a speech from the pulpit.

"How does that sound, Pat?"

"It sounds very well, master; I heard every word," replied Pat.

"Now, Pat, you change places with me, and say something."

Pat at once entered the pulpit and said very distinctly, and even emphatically: "I haven't had a cint of wages for three months. How does that sound, sir?"

The following is a resolution of an Irish corporation: "That a new jail should be built, that this be done out of the materials of the old one, and the old jail to be used until the new one be completed."

A man was sitting in a restaurant eating oysters. In came an Irishman and said: "Oi'll bet a dime thot Oi con eat oysters fasther then yez con open thim."

"Done!" said the shell cracker.

At the end of an hour the man had opened seventy-five oysters, but the Irishman had only been able to eat sixty-five.

Getting up with difficulty, the Irishman said: "Yez win," laid down a dime and walked out.

Two Irishmen were walking along one of the main thoroughfares in Glasgow when they noticed a large placard in the window of a shop with the words, "Butter! Butter!! Butter!!!" in giant type printed on it.

"Pat," said Mike, "What is the meaning of them big strokes after the words?"

"Och! ye ignoramus," says Pat, "sure they are meant for shillelahs, to show it's Irish butter!"

A couple of Irishmen were standing near a cotton press in a Texas town watching the huge bales of cotton being reduced to their lowest numerators and denominators, so to speak.

"Tim, I'd loike to put ye under that and squaze the divil out of yez," said one of them.

"Would ye, indade?" was the reply. "Squaze the divil out of yerself and there would be nothing left."

A country girl wrote to her lover, "Now, Pat, don't you fale to be at the singing-school to-night." Pat wrote back, "In the bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there's no such word as *fale.*"

Gentleman (interviewing Irish valet) —"Why did you leave your last place?"

Irish Valet—"Oi didn't loike the way the master trated me, sorr. He kicked me out!"

An Englishman traveling in Kilkenny, arriving at a ford, hired a boat to take him across. In crossing he asked the boatman if any one had ever been lost in the passage. "Never," replied Pat; "my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him the next day."

"At what age was your mother married?"

Pat—"At fourteen."

Mike—"I can beat that. My mother was married at thirteen."

John—"Faith, and I can bate ye all! My mother was married before I was born."

Mike—"Say, Pat, do ye iver wash yer eyes out?"

Pat—"Shure an' I do ivery marnin'."

Mike—"Howly Moses, how do ye iver get thim in again?"

An Irishman, being joked on the blunders of his countrymen, observed that Englishmen every moment made bulls no less ridiculous. "What," said he, "will you say to ill health, bad success, much too little, vastly little, excessively small, negative success, acquitted felons?"

The servant of a naval commander, an Irishman, one day let a tea kettle fall into the sea, upon which he ran to his master: "Arrah, an' plase your honor, can anything be said to be lost when you know where it is?"

"Certainly not," replied the officer.

"Why, thin, by St. Patrick, the tea kettle is at the bottom of the say."

An Irishman apologizing for running away from a fight, said, "Bedad, I'd rather be a coward fifteen minutes than a corpse the rest of my life."

Sergeant—"Halt! You can't go in there!"

Private Dooley—"Why not, sorr?"

Sergeant—"Because it's the general's tent, you lobster!"

Private Dooley—"Then, bedad, what are they doin' with 'private' over the door?"

Druggist—"What a bad cold you have, Mr. Casey. Can I offer you anything for it?"

Casey—"You may have it for nothing if you want it."

"So ye've got back from New York, Hogan? Phwat struck ye th' most?"

"Will, th' mounted cops made a viry dape imprission on me."

"Did they?"

"Yis; put yer hand here on me head; ye kin fale the imprission yit."

Some years ago, in one of the Western States, an Englisman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman were found guilty of murder, and sentenced to death, but were allowed to decide the manner of death for themselves. The Scotchman promptly choose to be hanged on an ash tree; the Englishman chose an oak, but Pat said: "If you plaze your honor, I'd rather be hung on a gooseberry bush."

"That's not big enough," said the judge.

"Begorry, thin," replied Pat, brightening up, "Oi'll wait till it grows."—*John O'Connell.*

Mooney—What kind of cake was that yez sent wid me dinner this mornin, Rosy?

Rosy—That was pound cake, Jerry.

Mooney—Pound cake, is it? Faith, then, be the way it felt all the afternoon I thought it was a ton.

Mrs. Brown—"I'm going to have some company this evening; can you make the punch, Foley?"

Butler (reproachfully) — "Can Oi make a punch, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown—"But can you make a good punch, Foley?"

Butler—"Lave it to me, mum. O'll make yez a punch that'll knock 'em out in three rounds!"

An Irishman, recently brought before a Boston justice for being drunk, was asked what excuse he had for becoming so intoxicated.

"Sivin excuses, yer honor," replied the inebriate.

"Seven excuses?"

"Yis, judge, sivin. Now, I don't mind tellin' ye all about it. Ye see, I've got six b'ys in me family, an' last night—it's a girl, judge."

The excuse was sufficient, and he was released.

Casey and Riley agreed to settle their dispute by a fight and it was understood that whoever wanted to quit should say "enough." Casey got Riley down and was hammering him unmercifully when Riley called out several times "enough!" As Casey paid no attention, but kept on administering punishment, a bystander said, "Why don't you let him up? Don't you hear him say that he's got enough?" "I do," says Casey, "but he's such a liar, you can't believe him."—*Geo. Day.*

An Irish recruit in one of the military riding schools had the misfortune to part company with his horse.

According to custom, the sergeant strode up to him and demanded:

"Did you receive orders to dismount?"

"I did, sorr."

"From what quarters?"

"From hindquarters, yer honor," said Paddy with a grin.

Farmer—"You kin feed them cows some corn in the ear to-night."

Mike—"I tried that yisterday, sir, but they 'peared to like it better in the mouth."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said an Irish manager to his audience of three, "as there is nobody here, I'll dismiss you all; the performance of this night will not be performed, but will be repeated to-morrow evening."

A good one is charged to an Irishman playing poker, who, on inspecting the pot, found it deficient. "Here is a quarter short," said he; "who put it in?"

This passage is from the report of an Irish Benevolent Society—"Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

"Well, Pat, I see you have a small garden."

Pat—"Yes, sir."

"What are you going to set in it for next season?"

"Nothing, sir. I set it with potatoes last year, and not one of them came up."

"That's strange; how do you explain it?"

"Well, sir, the man next door to me set his garden full of onions."

"Well, had that anything to do with your potatoes not growing?"

"Yes, sir. Bedad, them onions was that strong that my potatoes couldn't see to grow, for their eyes watering!"

Bridget, new acquisition in a Boston household—"Does the mantel want to be dusted, mum?"

Mrs. B.—"Inanimate objects cannot want anything, Bridget; but I wish the mantel dusted."

An Irish officer had the misfortune to be dreadfully wounded in battle. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier who was near him, and who was also severely wounded, made a terrible howling, when the officer exclaimed, "Confound you! what do you make such a noise for? Do you think there is nobody killed but yourself?"

An Irishman, pressed by the collector of a water company for payment of the water rate, replied, "Sure, I pay ten dollars a year for water, and many's the day it's off for a whole wake."

An Irish provincial paper inserted the following notice: "Whereas, Patrick O'Connor lately left his lodgings, this is to give notice that if he does not return immediately and pay for the same, he will be advertised."

Among bulls of recent origin is one of an Irish gardener, who, being in no sense in love with his labors, forcibly observed that "Av Oi wasn't paid for doin' this worruk, Oi wudn't do it av ye paid me."

The ambition to desert the fields in which he had for a long time labored led the same individual to seek preferment in the post-office, the position he had in view being that of a carrier.

"But, Mike," said his employer, for whose influence he had applied, "you cannot read."

"Thrue, sorr," replied the gardener; "but Oi thought that phwat wid the letthers an' posthals comin' an' goin', Oi'd not be long alearnin'."

Bridget—"Enjoy slape, is it! How could I? The minit I lay down, I'm aslape, an' the minit I'm awake, I have to get up. Where's the time for enjoyin' it?"

"Begorra and I've knocked the fever out of him. That is one good thing."

Wife of patient: "O, doctor, do you think there is any hope?"

"Small chance of that, marm; but ye'll have the satisfaction of knowin' that he died cured."

An Irishman defined a net as "holes tied together by strings."

Somebody remarked to an Irishman that *absentee landlords* were diminishing in Ireland. "Diminishing, sir?" said the Irishman, *"why the whole country is full of them."*

Mistress, angrily:—"See, Bridget, I can write my name in the dust!"

Servant, admiringly—"Oh, mum, that's more than I can do. There's nothing like eddication, after all, is there, mum?"

Doyle and Yelverton, eminent members of the Irish bar, became involved in a fight. Doyle knocked down his antagonist twice, vehemently exclaiming, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton rising, replied with equal indignation, "No, sir, never. I defy you. *You couldn't do it.*"

Attorney to Witness—"You drive a wagon."

Pat—"No, sir; I drive a horse."

A Brooklyn Irishman had trouble with his eyes and consulted a doctor, says Gomer Davis. The doctor told him to take his choice; that he must stop drinking or go blind. The Irishman turned the proposition over in his mind awhile and said, "Will, I'm sivinty-two years old now. I belaive I hov seen iverything worth seein'."

An Irish orator was describing the horrors of a certain battle in the late Franco-Prussian war, and had at last succeeded in fixing the attention of his audience, when he suddenly excited a most rapturous burst of applause by thundering out, "And the sun sunk to rest, 'midst the groans of the dying and shrieks of the dead."

An Irishman had one day to appear before a country squire for carrying a gun without a license. After being duly sworn, Pat was asked by the squire how long he had had the gun. He replied, "Shure, yer honor, that same gun has been in our family, the bold O'Raffertys, ever since it was a pistol."

An Irish editor congratulates himself that "half the lies told about him are not true."

A friend of mine told me that he was at a funeral sometime since, and although the church stood on rising ground, it was so wet that the corpse was covered with water as soon as it was let down into the grave. An Irishman who was at the funeral seemed much affected on seeing the water cover the coffin, and said in a serious and feeling manner, "If ever I die while I live, which I hope I never shall, I will not be buried in this churchyard, to be drowned all the days of my life!"

Suicide—An Irishman recently spoke of a man who had tried in every way, but *couldn't commit suicide to save his life.*

Attorney to Witness—Do you solemnly swear that you never saw a *sheep under oath?"*

Witness—"Yes, sir, I never *saw one under oath."*

KELLEY'S DREAM.

About a week ago I was invited by an
old-time friend of mine
To come up to his residence and test his
beer and wine.
We eat a lobster salad and a lot of other
truck,
And drank each other's health until the
hour of three had struck;
Well, we drank until we didn't know
which was wine or beer,
Till our heads felt rather heavy and our
brains not very clear.
Well, I got home, I didn't know how;
my prayers I think I said;
But, anyhow, I was paralyzed when I got
into bed.
Well, I died and went to heaven, I saw
that repentance was now for me too
late,
When suddenly I was ushered before the
golden gate.
"Well, what will you have?" said Peter;
"don't you know you can't get in?
For you must surely suffer the greedy
glutton's sin."

Then I turned aside and said no more,
and hung my head in shame,
And Peter's clerk stood close by and
wrote "lost" against my name.
Next came an Italian, one whom I knew
very well;
So I stopped and listened patiently to the
story he might tell.
"Gooda Father Pedro, I comma to you at
last;
My peanutta days are over anda my ba-
nana nights are passed;
I treata my neighbora like myself, no
begga, no robba, no steal;
And nevera on the sidewalks I throwa the
banana peel."
"You get out!" said Peter, "your gains
were ill-begotten;
Your peanut shells were empty, and your
bananas oftimes rotten."
The Italian turned away, and a tear was
in his eye;
He came and stood behind me and
heaved a heavy sigh.
Next came an aged Hebrew with a
satchel in his hand,

And before the gate and old St. Peter the
"sheeny" took his stand:
"Ah, Father Peter, I vill tell you vat hi
vill do;
Hi haf got jewelry fit for angels hi vill
auction hoff to you.
Hi could sell dem on the instalment plan,
but that would be a sin;
So hi vill give dem to you at half price,
if you vill only let me in.
On earth hi kept a clothing store, my
goots were neat and strong,
And to show you hi had an overcoat hi
forgot to fetch along."
"Then you did well," said Peter, "for
very well you know
There'll be little use for overcoats where
you will have to go."
So the Hebrew turned aside, and as he
was a friend of mine,
Just like me and the "dago," he sashaad
into line.
Next came an old maid, one bound to
have her say,
And she began addressing Peter in this
peculiar way:

"Oh, goodness, gracious me, here I am,
after gossiping many a year;
So open the gate and let me in, I will be
catching cold out here.
Give me a first-class pair of wings, a sil-
ver shield, and then
I won't be afraid of the naughty, naughty
men."
"No," Peter answered blandly, "no an-
gels have gray hair;
And you have no sons or daughters, so
you would be a stranger there."
The poor old maid wilted, she must ever-
more repine,
And, just like me and all the rest, she
waddled into line.
Next came a German, now paralyzed
with fear,
Who on earth oftimes paralyzed his cus-
tomers with beer.
"Vell, Fadder Beter, I come to you free
from sin,
Und I vill only ask you ein favor. Das
is: if you vill let me in;
Mein vife she runned away from me; to
hide mein shame I cried,

So I went down by the river und committed suicide."

"Then you begone," said Peter, "and suffer thy disgrace;

You came before I sent for you, I cannot make a place."

The German turned away and said: "Oh, Gott! oh, mein!"

And, just like me and all the rest, took his place in line.

Next came poor Paddy, a son of Erin's Isle,

And greeted old St. Peter with a very gracious smile.

"Ha, ha! Is it yeself, St. Peter, looking so nice and swate;

So get yer clark to let me in and show me to me sate."

"Hold!" cried Peter, "your case, like all the rest, must first be tried;

You will have to show a passport before you get inside."

"But hurry up," said Paddy, "or for supper I'll be late."

And purposely he took his old slouch hat and threw it inside the gate.

"Go get thy hat," said Peter, "thou sacrilegious lout."
So Paddy went in and slammed the gate, and locked St. Peter out;
Then, through the keyhole, loud he cried: "I'm master now, ye see;
But I'll give up heaven, gate and crown, if ye'll set ould Ireland free."
I then awoke and found my head between the bed and wall;
The sheets got tangled around my feet—'twas that lobster did it all.

—*J. W. Kelley.*

It chanced one gloomy day in the month of December, that a good-humored Irishman applied to a merchant to discount a bill of exchange for him at rather a long, though not an unusual date; and the merchant casually remarked that the bill had a great many days to run. "That's true," replied the Irishman, "but consider how *short the days are* at this time of the year."

CONN'S DESCRIPTION OF THE FOX HUNT.

(From "The Shaugraun"—Act I, Scene 3.)

Mrs. O'Kelly—The polis was in my cabin to-day. They say you stoled Squire Foley's horse.

Conn—Well, now, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away wid a man's character like this. Oh, wurra! may I niver die in sin, but here was the way of it. I was standin' by ould Foley's gate, whin I heard the cry of the hounds comin' across the tail end of the bog, and there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, and the finest dog fox you ever seen was sailin' ahead of 'em up the boreen, an' right across the church yard. It was enough to rise the inhabitants. Well, as I looked, who should come up an' put her head over the

gate beside me, but the squire's brown mare, small blame to her. Divil a thing said I to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost their scent among the gravestones, we knew by their whine and yelp—when, whoop! the fox wint by us, I leapt on the gate, an' gave a shriek of a view-halloo to the *whip*. In a minute the pack caught the scent again, and the whole field came roarin' past. The mare lost her head and tore at the gate. Stop, says I, ye divil! and I slipped a taste of rope that I had in my pocket over her head an' into her mouth. Now, mind the cunnin' of the baste. She was quiet in a minute. Come home aisy, now, ses I, an' I threw my leg across her. Bejabers, no sooner was I on her back, than, whoo! holy rocket! she was over the gate and tearin' like mad after the hounds. Yorick, says I, come back, you thief of the world! Tally ho! says I, where are you takin' me to? as she went through the hunting field, and laid me beside the master of the hounds Squire Foley himself. He

turned the color of his leather breeches. Mother o' Moses! ses he, is that Conn the Shaugraun, on my brown mare? Bad luck to me, ses I, it's no one else. You stole my horse, ses the Squire. It's a lie, ses I—'twas your horse stole me.

Moyar—An' what did he say to that?

Conn—I couldn't stop to hear, for just then we took a stone wall an' a double ditch at the same time, an' he stopped behind to keep an engagement he had in the ditch.

Mrs. O'Kelly—Ye'll get a month in jail for that.

Conn—A month in jail, will I? Well, begorra, it was worth it.—*Dion Boucicault.*

Officer Mooney—"Did yez meet any suspicious charakthers on yer bate last noight, Casey?

Officer Casey—"Divil a wan but the roundsman. Shure, he's the most suspicious ould duck on the foorce!"

Miss Jones (in back of crowd on excursion-boat)—"I think her jib ought to be taken in."

Mrs. Murphy (in front)—"I've paid $5 to see this race, and I'll put my jib where I please."

Mike—Say, Pat, what is *sic transit?*

Pat—*Sic transit?* Why, an ambulance wagon, of course.

On the arrival of an immigrant ship, some years ago, an Irishman, hearing the gun fired at sunset, inquired of one of the sailors what it was. "What's that? Why, that's sunset," was the contemptous reply.

"Sunset!" Paddy exclaimed with distended eyes; "sunset! Howly Moses! and does the sun go down in this country with sich a clap as that?"

THE TAILOR'S THIMBLE.

(From "The Shaugraun," Act II, Scene 4).

On account of Conn's fondness for the "juice of sod and general dissolute habits, Father Doolan, the parish priest, and uncle of Conn's sweetheart, Moya, who is her uncle's housekeeper, has quite forbidden Conn the house; but the young people got together occasionally for that, and Conn was hanging around outside one stormy night, as was his custom, when Father Doolan's heart relents and he says:

Father Doolan—Well, you may let him stand out of the wet. Give me a cup of tay, Moya. I hope it will be stronger than the last. Well, Conn, haven't ye a word to say for yourself?

Conn—Divil a one, yer Riverence.

Father Doolan—You are goin' to ruin.

Conn—I am, bad luck to me.

Father Doolan—And you want to take a dacint girl wid ye?

Conn—I'm a vagabone intirely.

Father Doolan—What sort of a life do ye lead? What is your occupation? Stealin' the salmon out the river at night?

Conn—No, sir; I'm not so bad as that, but I'll confess to a couple of trout—sure the salmon is out o' sayson.

Father Doolan—The tay smells of whiskey.

Conn—If ye plaze, sir, it's not the tay ye smell—it's me.

Father Doolan—That reminds me. Didn't ye give me a promise last Easter, a blessed promise made on yer two knees, that ye lave off drink?

Conn—I did, barrin' only one thimbleful a day, just to take the cruelty out of the water.

Father Doolan—One thimbleful? That I allowed you, that concession—no more.

Conn—God bless, ye did, an' I kep' my word.

Father Doolan—Kept your word! how dare ye say that? Didn't I find ye ten days after stretched out as drunk as a fiddler at Tim O'Malley's wake?

Conn—Ye did, bad luck to me.

Father Doolan—An' ye took only one thimbleful?

Conn—Divil a drop more. Now see this. Ah, will ye listen to me, sir? I'll tell ye how it was. When they axed me to the wake, I wint. Oh, I wouldn't deceive ye, sir—I wint. There was the Mulcaheys an' the Maloneys an' the O'Flahertys an' the Madigans.

Father Doolan—I don't want to hear about that at all—come to the drink.

Conn—Ave coorse. Begorra, I came to that soon enough. Well, sir, whin, after blessin' the keeners an' the rest of them, I couldn't despise a drink out of respect to the corpse, long life to it. But, boys, sez I, I'm on a pinance, sez I.

Is there ever a thimble in the house, sez I—for divil a drop more than the full of it will pass my lips this blessed day. Well, as the divil's luck would hve it, there was only one thimble in the house and that was a tailor's thimble, an' they couldn't get it full—begorra, they got me full first.

Father Doolan—Ah, Conn, I'm afeared liquor is not the worst of your doin's. We've lost sight of you lately for more than six months. In what jail have you spent your time?

Conn—I was on my travels.

Father Doolan—Where?

Conn—Round the world. Ye see, sir, after Master Robert was tuk an' they sint him away, the heart seemed to go out of me intirely. I'd stand by the say an' look over it and see the ships sailin' away to where he may be, till the longing grew too big for my body, an' one night I jumped into the coast guardboat, stuck up the sail, and away I wint.

Father Doolan—Bless the boy! ye

didn't think ye could get to Australia in a skiff?

Conn—I didn't think at all. I wint all right. I tossed about all next day an' that night till at daylight I come across a big ship. Stop, sez I, an' put me ashore, for the love of Heaven, sez I; I'm out of me course. They whipped me on deck. Where d'ye come from? sez the captain. Suilabeg, sez I. I'll be obliged to you if you'll lave me anywhere handy by there. You'll have to go to Melbourne first, sez he. Is that anywhere in the County Sligo, sez I, lookin' like a lamb. If ye heard the shout of laffin' I got for that. Why, ye omadahaun, sez he, ye'll never see yer home for six months. Then I set up a "withersthrue." Poor divil, sez the captain, I'm sorry for you, but ye must cross the say. What work can ye do best? I can play the fiddle, sez I. Take him forward and take good care of him, an' so they did. That's how I got my passage to Australia.—*Dion Boucocault.*

THE CAPTAIN'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen and Sogers of the Montgomery Guards, of Boshton, Mat, Mat, Chu, Chu.

I am not much of a spache maker, but I feel that I cannot let this opportunity pass by without thankin' you on behalf of the Webster Guards of the City, County and State of New York.

Gintlemen:—I thank you for your many buggy rides, your bundles of ruginero segars, basins of biled oysters and cans of crackers; and I would say to you, gintlemen, that you take the two organizations, the Webster Guards of the City, County and State of New York, and the Montgomery Guards of the City of Boshton, Mat, Mat, Chu, Chu, and place them side by side, and you will find that the Webster Guards of the City, County and State of New York are far superior to the Montgomery Guards of Boshton,

Mat, Mat, Chu, Chu; but, gintlemen, I do not wish to say anything disparagin' of your organiation; but I would again thank you for the many courtesies and bunches of Malaga grapes, which I think I forgot to mintion before, and also for the many beverages and other kindnesses with which you have frequently overpowered us, and I would say to you in indin' that if you ever come to New York we would mate you on the dock at Pier wan with siventeen hacks, and there would be cannonoden and cannonaden and the divil knows phat all, and take you to the Cinthral Park and show you the Statue of Washington Bonypart on horseback, and treat yez like true Sons of Erin at Lyon's Brewery on Boulevard Hill.

And in conclusion, gintlemen, allow me to again thank you, on behalf of the Webster Light Guards of the City, County and State of New York for the elegant manner that we have been treated at the hands of your powerful and beau-

tiful organization, the Montgomery Guards of Boshton, Mat, Mat, Chu, Chu.

"Say, Pat, I hear you've been offered a job in the P. W. department. Are you going to take it?"

"Shure an' I am."

"But the hours are long and the pay bad."

"It's meself that knows it."

"Surely those are good reasons for refusing it!"

"Thrue for ye, me bhoy, but I've got six good reasons for acceptin' it."

"What are they?"

"Shure, a wife an' foive kids."

"How much do you charge for weighing hogs, Pat?" asked an Englishman of our hog buyer. "Oh, just get on, I will weigh you for nothing," was Pat's reply.

O'CONNEL AND THE FISH-WOMAN.

One of the drollest scenes that O'Connel ever figured in took place in the early part of his life.

His talent for vituperative language was early developed, and by some he was considered, even in these days, a matchless scold.

There was, however, in Dublin at that time a certain woman, Biddy O'Houlihan by name, who had a huckster's stall on one end of the quay, nearly opposite the four Courts. She was a virago of the first order. From one end of Dublin to the other she was notorious for her powers of abuse. And even in the provinces, Mrs. O'Houlihan's language had passed into currency.

Some of O'Connel's friends, however, thought he could beat her at the use of her own weapons.

Of this, however, O'Connel himself

had some doubt. But when one of the company rather too freely ridiculed the idea of the young Kerry barrister's ability to cope with the famous Mrs. O'Houlihan, O'Connel, who never liked the idea of being put down, professed himself ready to encounter his famous rival; it was decided that the contest should come off at once.

The party adjourned to the huckster's stall, and there they found the owner herself superintending the sale of her small wares. A few ragged loungers and idlers were hanging round her stall, for Biddy was a "character," and, in her way, one of the sights of Dublin.

O'Connel was very confident of success. He had laid a very ingenious plan for overcoming her, and with all the anxiety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it in practice. He resolved to open the attack.

"What's the price of this walking stick, Mrs. what's-your-name?"

"O'Houlihan, sir, is my name; and a

good one it is, and what have you to say ag'in it? And one and sixpence is the price of the stick, and it's cheap as dirt, so it is."

"One and sixpence for a walking stick, whew! whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor to ask one and sixpence for what only cost you fourpence."

"Fourpence your grandmother! Do you mane to say it's chatin' the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Aye, impostor! and it's that I call ye to your teeth."

"Come, cut your shtick, you cantankerous ould jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old diagonal."

"Stop your jaw! you pug-nosed badger, or by this an' by that, I'll make you go quicker than you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old radius; anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hooky! if you say another wurrud of your impidence, I'll tan your

hide for you—an' sorry I'll be for to soil my hands wid such a common good-for-nothin' scrub."

"Oho, boys! what a passion old Biddy is in—I protest as I'm a gentleman——"

"A gintleman! a gintleman! the likes of you a gintleman! Wisha, that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippensneezer! whin did a Madagascar monkey like you pick up enough common decency to hide his Kerry brogue?"

"Aisy now, don't choke yourself with fine language, you antiquated whiskey-drinking parallelogram."

"What's that you call me, you murtherin' ould villain?"

"I call you a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury would support me in saying it's no libel to call you so."

"Tare-an-ouns! that a dacent, honest 'ooman like me should be called a parybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird, you cowardly, sneaking, plate-licking blaggard."

"Oh, not you, indeed! I suppose you'll deny that you keep a hypothenuse in your house?"

"It's a lie for you, you rascally robber, I *never* had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure all your neighbors know very well that you not only keep a hypothenuse in your house but also that you have two diameters locked up in your garret, and that you go to walk with them every Sunday—you heartless old heptagon, you unmitigated *individual!*"

"Oh, hear that—ye saints in glory! There's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass himself for a gintleman! May the divil fly away wid you, you mitcher from Munster!—you flannel-mouth bog-trotter!"

"But you cannot deny the charge, you miserable old submultiple of a duplicate ratio."

"Go rinse your mouth in the river! After all the bad words you shpake it ought to be dirtier than your face, you

cantankerous ould chicken of Beelzebub!"

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded old polygon! To the dickens I pitch you, you blustering intersection of an antique superficies?"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice! if you don't cease your jaw, I'll——" But here she lost her breath, and likewise lost her temper; for the last volley from O'Connel had nearly settled her. O'Connel continued nevertheless to berate her without mercy:

"While I have a tongue, I'll abuse you, you most inimitable periphery. Look at her, boys! There she stands a convicted perpendicular in petticoats. There's contamination in her circumference, and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her corollaries. Ah, ha; you're found out, you rectilinear antecedent and equiangular old hag! 'Tis with you the divil will fly away, you porter-swipin similitude of the bisection of a vertex."

At this juncture Mrs. O'Houlihan was

so overcome with her emotions that she could no longer contain herself. Catching up a saucepan, she aimed it at O'Connel's head; and he was forced to beat a hasty retreat. It was decided, however, O'Connel had won the victory!

An Irish member of Parliament, speaking of a certain minister's well-known love of money, observed, ". . . if the honorable gentleman was an undertaker, it would be the delight of his heart to see all mankind seized with a common mortality, that he might have the benefit of the general burial, and provide scarfs and hat-bands for the survivors."

DATE DUE

Reserve

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

6178
I6
K4
1906

103325

PN 6178 .I6 K4 1906
Kelly, H. P.,
Irish bulls and puns

DATE	ISSUED TO

PN 6178 .I6 K4 1906
Kelly, H. P.,
Irish bulls and puns

Ethel K. Smith Library

Wingate College

Wingate, NC 28174-0217

WINGATE COLLEGE LIBRARY
BOOK PN6178.I6 K4 1906 STAX
Kelly / Irish bulls and puns; 500 gems of modern Irish wit a

3 1896 00024 6524